Michael Novak *on the Vatican Council*

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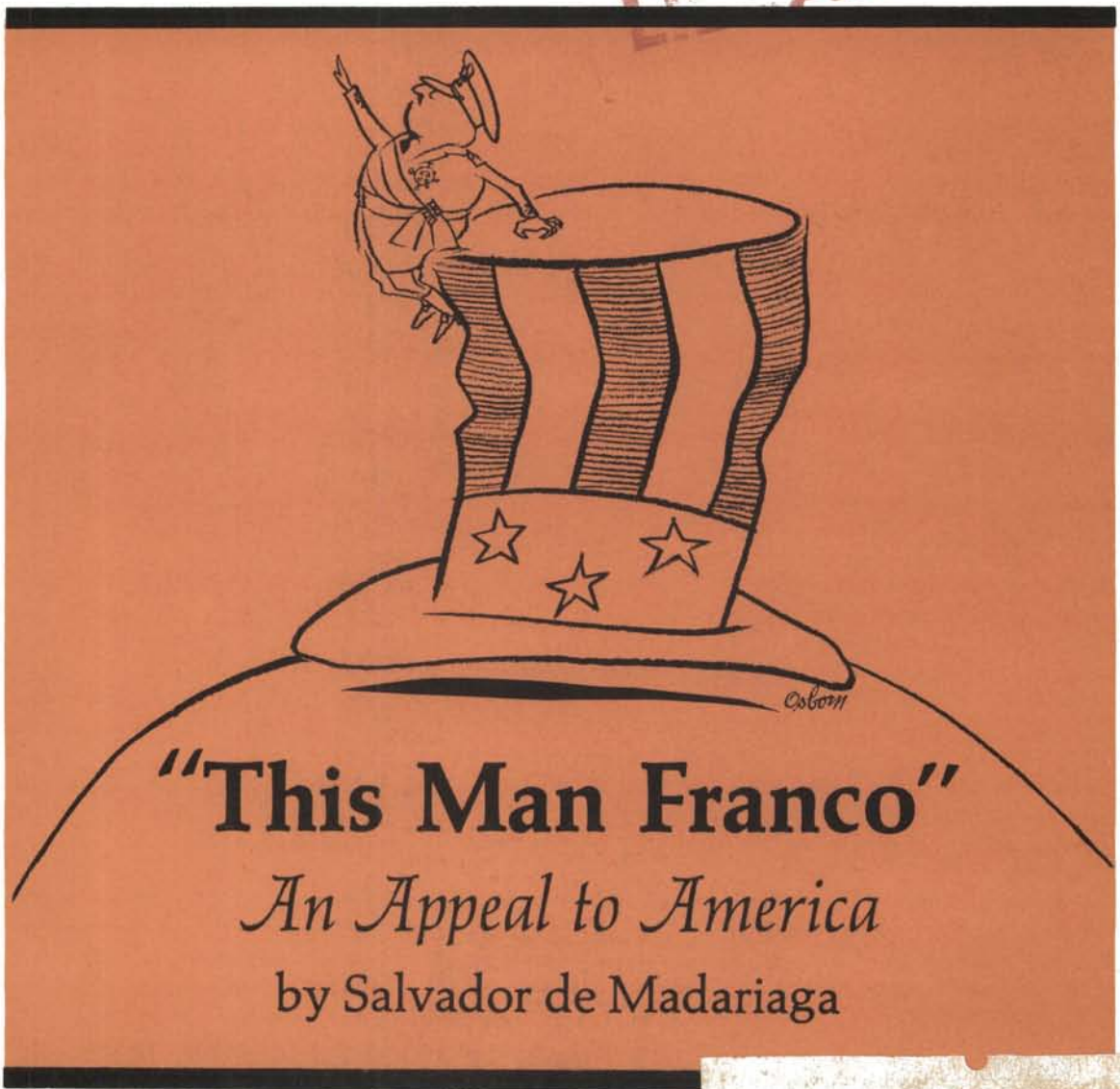

"This Man Franco"

An Appeal to America

by Salvador de Madariaga

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Overdoing the Gloom?

★ It's a pity, really, that Moscow didn't put a couple of economists in orbit rather than astronauts. Their flaunting space ships will goad us to catch up. But the economic front is just – or more – dangerous, and we are asleep. The Soviets are growing twice as fast as we are in industrial production but we merely note their farm failure and low standard of living and snore louder. And in Washington all this recent talk about a tax cut or no tax cut boils down to this: we have just settled for at least six more months of stagnation in the national economy.

We've been warned about Soviet growth. They allot a bigger proportion of national income to education than we do; they are turning out more engineers. CIA chief Allen Dulles warned Congress in 1959 that Soviet GNP would grow at a 6 percent rate through 1965, industrial growth even faster. How about us? After a brief recovery from Eisenhower's final recession, America's growth rate was back again to a pitiful 2.8 percent from the first to the second quarter of this year and the growth of production is the weakest of nine recessions since World War I.

Are we overdoing the gloom business? Perhaps. But a man we trust, MIT economist Paul Samuelson, says quietly that the chances of a recession by the end of this year without strong Federal action are "at least even," and President Kennedy's top economist, Walter Heller, in a little noticed comment to Congress remarked ominously that if a recession comes we no longer have the stimulus of a large backlog of investment requirement which featured our earlier recoveries since the war.

It should be understood that America isn't getting the anti-recession tax cut the President wanted (whatever he said to the contrary when he found he couldn't get it) because of two factors, Congressional rigidity and public apathy. Key Committee chairmen in Congress wield a veto power. They are not responsible to the electorate but they can block action. It is a vicious system. Kennedy treated with Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, on taxes as though Mills were the head of a sovereign state. "No tax cut until conditions get worse!" said Mills. So – no tax cut. It means that a President can't vaccinate against economic smallpox in advance of the disease; he must wait until the scar pustules appear.

As to public apathy, that's Kennedy's fault. The President makes the climate of opinion in America and he hasn't done it on the economy. The result – when he needed grass roots support for a tax cut it wasn't there.

The AFL-CIO has launched a drive for a 35-hour week. From the economic standpoint we deplore this; from the human standpoint it has our sympathy. As *The New York Times* aptly put it, "It is a vote of no confidence in Kennedy." Labor has waited a long time to see the Administration cure unemployment; now it is applying heat of an effective sort: if there are too few jobs they should be rationed out.

Friends of Kennedy are glad he got out to see the people on last week's trip. A President's power lies in the people, always the people. Kennedy doesn't make more fireside chats, he tells friends, because he doesn't want to cheapen them. Sometimes it almost seems neurotic; maybe he has a dream of making an address somewhere in an enormous hall and nobody listening. The best cure for that notion is to go out of Washington and get the feel of the country at first hand.

"You Boys"

★ Former Treasury Secretary George Humphrey had a nickel contract with the government in 1953 that was a businessman's dream. There was no risk and big profits. The contract was signed four days before he transferred to Ike's cabinet from the presidency of the M. A. Hanna Co. (keeping his stock). Humphrey is a cheerful, able, attractive primitive, the last man who will ever head the Treasury who rejects compensatory economics, a man whose code of ethics leads him to give generously to charity while war-profiteering in nickel during Korea.

It was fun watching him regally patronize the Senators in Symington's stock-piling inquiry; he blandly called them "you boys," rejected their arguments as "baloney" and had the better of it because he knew more than they did and because they blocked their own counsel, courtly, white-maned Richmond Coburn, Republican ex-head of the Missouri Bar Association, who was quite capable of handling Humphrey but was hardly able to get in a question.

According to His Lights

★ Chairman Symington, nerves raw from an impending hernia operation, blew up on the second day, when Humphrey continued to tell friends and the press that the whole thing was a political vendetta and a "stab in the back" at Eisenhower. Symington delivered a tongue lashing and left the way open for a Humphrey reply. But as Humphrey told the chairman "he didn't dare" recess the hearing, Symington found he had had one taunt too many and, in a great scene, whanged down his gavel.

Humphrey got out a cool reply later on and he was leading by a touchdown at the end of the first half. The second half may show a different story: at least the public has finally found out that the amazing strategic stockpile exists: it cost $9 billion, some $7.7 billion of goods are stored (from feathers to tin to uranium) and the sale of almost any of it would break the market.

There is vastly more than we need and nobody knows what to do with it.

Personally, we don't think gentlemanly Symington was politically motivated (though Kennedy may have been when he started the inquiry). As to Humphrey, when the evidence is all in we guess it will show that he was impeccably honest according to his lights, and that his lights urged him to profiteer outside of the government and to denounce government spending and extravagance when he got in.

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Rendezvous in Space

By misinterpreting the chief purpose of the "group flight" of cosmonauts Nikolayev and Popovich, the Western press has allowed the Soviet Union to advertise a modest technical failure as another triumph. The goal of the flight plan was to perfect techniques for a rendezvous in orbit. Guided by ground-based computers, Vostoks III and IV approached within sighting distance of each other, but failed to rendezvous. Then the vehicles drifted several hundred miles apart despite the manual guidance efforts of the two cosmonauts, who had to content themselves with setting an unspectacular endurance record that will no doubt prove short-lived.

The tremors of confusion and fear set off by the first news of the cosmonauts were not entirely the spontaneous response of public opinion. At the Pentagon certain Air Force officers had been quick to put forth the view that the rendezvous attempt marked a step toward an anti-satellite satellite; that the Soviet space program could not conceivably be directed toward reaching the moon, but must be military in its thrust, and that all of our space spending henceforth should be concentrated in a crash defense program. Their alarm reverberated in inspired stories published by leading newspapers, stressing that the Soviets have not attempted to compete with the US in such peaceful uses of space as weather, communications and navigation satellites, but have worked instead on developing larger boosters and more precise re-entry and landing techniques while the US has been holding back on the Saint anti-satellite satellite.

But the Administration in time made clear that the Soviet rendezvous attempt would not lead to a change in emphasis from the moon-landing projected by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to an Air Force-directed aerospace program already staggering in its proportions. The US is believed to have launched perhaps 20 military satellites, including several of the Midas and Samos series. The Midas carries infrared detectors to locate Soviet missile and rocket launchings and nuclear tests; the Samos is a satellite version of the U-2 aircraft, and carries television and motion-picture cameras to photograph Soviet rocket sites and military bases.

Unofficial sources indicate that several of the eight Cosmos satellites orbited by the USSR are reconnaissance satellites similar to the Samos. These satellites could probably be destroyed or deflected deep into space by land-based, nuclear-armed missiles similar to the Nike-Zeus. But some strategists fear that a mistaken nuclear attack on a

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peaceful satellite might trigger a nuclear war; they maintain that the US should inspect suspicious satellites before deciding to destroy them, and that this can be done best by a manned satellite.

In theory a manned interceptor satellite can be launched into an orbit very close to that of the suspicious satellite, maneuver close enough to inspect it and, if necessary bump it out of orbit, or destroy it with either conventional weapons or a nuclear air-to-air missile. In practice, however, there is a vast difference between the Soviet feat and the task of intercepting a foreign military satellite. As the deputy director of the NASA, Hugh Dryden, has pointed out, the Soviets launched their second satellite from the same vicinity as the first, and had all of the necessary information about the orbit of the first well in advance.

To intercept one of our military satellites, the Soviets would have to detect and track it, compute its flight path, and launch an interceptor satellite from a site thousands of miles away from the launching site of the target. At best the interceptor would approach the target at some point where their orbits crossed. Traveling on separate paths at about 18,000 miles per hour, the two satellites would be in the same neighborhood for only a few minutes, during which the pilot of the interceptor would have to make a hurried decision about whether or not to destroy the satellite. Although an interceptor vehicle could doubtless maneuver in space with the aid of auxiliary rockets, its range would be sharply limited by the amount of fuel it could carry. Once the diverging orbits of the two vehicles carried the target out of range, the chance of catching it would be small. The Russians' failure to rendezvous, despite the additional advantages of being in visual and radio contact, demonstrated this fact quite clearly.

While some in the Air Force tried to persuade the public that the dual orbiting was a grave threat not only to US prestige but to US security, NASA kept its head, de-emphasizing the military danger and reminding the country that the flight, while not without importance, was unlikely to be the decisive factor in the race to the moon.

In the moon race, both sides will probably use rendezvous techniques because of the enormous energy requirements to send a man to the moon and back with a single launching. By launching a moon vehicle and its return rocket separately, and coupling them while they are in orbit around the earth, the USSR could send a man to the moon and back with only about half the rocket power required to do the job with a single rocket. Even less power is needed under the US plan for a lunar rendezvous. This involves a single launching that will hurl a two-vehicle system into orbit around the moon. The astronauts will detach one vehicle and ride it down to the surface of the moon; after spending several days there, they will blast off for a rendezvous in orbit with the other vehicle, which will carry them back to earth.

But even these energy-saving schemes require the development of rockets capable of launching a payload of more than 100 tons. The present Soviet boosters can lift a payload of up to seven tons, although Vostoks I and II weighed somewhat less. The secrecy about the weights of Vostoks III and IV along with the reports that the cosmonauts had enough room to move about in their cabins has prompted Western observers to speculate that the new vehicles are heavier, and hence must have been launched by more powerful rockets. A Danish Communist newspaper reported that the vehicles weighed eight and a half tons. If this were true, it would mean that the Soviets have developed a booster comparable to the new US Saturn C-1. Presumably both countries are rushing the development of the much larger boosters required for the lunar voyage, but there is no evidence that the USSR is ahead. It is the booster contest that will probably determine which nation will place the first man on the moon.

NASA director James E. Webb has insisted that despite the latest Soviet effort, "I happen to think that we will make the manned lunar landing and return before they do." He conceded, however, that the USSR would probably be able to orbit a man around the moon before the US. (The target date for a US lunar orbit is 1966.) Scientists outside the space program expressed essentially the same views. They agreed that the precise launching of two satellites into the same plane of orbit represented a technical advance toward a lunar voyage, but they believed that it was a small part of the total program necessary to reach the moon.

The US is now scheduled to attempt two rendezvous missions. The unmanned, highly classified Air Force Saint satellite has been scheduled to intercept another space vehicle sometime this year; the *New York Times* has hinted that this attempt has already taken place. Late in 1963 or in 1964 the US plans to attempt a rendezvous between a two-man Gemini capsule and an unmanned Atlas-Agena B "target" vehicle. If the results are no better than those of the recent Soviet attempt, it is scarcely likely that *Pravda* and *Izvestia* will be as unwittingly generous as Western observers were last week.

Berlin and Nuclear Weapons

Though he had come on a routine "working visit," the retiring NATO commander, General Lauris Norstad, found himself lionized in Bonn on August 16. Chancellor Adenauer had his reasons for jumping the gun on the ceremonial farewells scheduled for next month.

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All of the official disclaimers in Washington could not alter the fact that the action of the Kennedy Administration in easing Norstad out of his post a full year ahead of schedule amounted to a declaration of independence on the critical issue of tactical nuclear weapons for the West German armed forces. It was Norstad at NATO headquarters who had been principally responsible for getting Bonn its Honest John and Sergeant missiles, its F-84 planes outfitted for nuclear bombs, and his departure offered a legitimate occasion for reasserting the determination of the West Germans to expand their nuclear arsenal.

The correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* reported in passing that the award of the Grand Cross of the Federal Order of Merit to General Norstad coincided with official indications of "the new approach by which Bonn hopes to get tactical nuclear weapons into the hands of European nations." According to leaks from the Defense Ministry, West Germany has begun pressing for the Davy Crockett, a jeep-borne nuclear artillery shell with a firepower equal to 1,000 tons of TNT which has recently reached the mass production stage in US ordinance plants. Like the Honest John, the Davy Crockett is intended for use against troops rather than cities, rail junctions or other strategic targets. The White House is resisting the pressures for the Davy Crockett but is said to feel that an Eisenhower Administration commitment for the introduction of the Pershing missile may have to be honored. With their greater range, Pershings are more likely to be controversial, but the use of the Davy Crocketts would be peculiarly difficult to control under the agreement giving US servicemen authority over the nuclear warheads stored in West German Army compounds; for their small, "tactical" size means that they can be more widely dispersed than the other missiles so far given and deployed farther down the line of command.

What accounts for the intensity of the nuclear weapons controversy with Bonn at the present moment is the small but psychologically significant impact of an increased West German nuclear capability on the possibility of a negotiated German settlement with the Russians safeguarding Berlin. As more nuclear weapons are made available by the US it grows progressively less likely that Bonn might ever be induced to part with them should proposals for a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe be revived.

The President himself made this point while still a candidate for the Democratic nomination in a 1959 interview with editor John Fischer of *Harper's*. While disengagement might have been a realistic possibility in 1957 or 1958, he said, "I think it's rather difficult to extract the missile capacity now from the West Germans. . . . They may not have the warhead but they have the missiles." In stating his belief that "you can't

FOOTNOTES *to the* WEEK

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION has launched a national campaign to elect anti-medicare candidates to Congress. The campaign will concentrate on key districts and will be financed with $50,000 for initial administrative expenses from the AMA. According to James Deakin of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, $380,000 in voluntary contributions will be solicited from doctors, nurses and druggists. The need for the campaign was underlined in Tennessee earlier this month when local doctors failed to obtain the renomination of Rep. James Frazier, a key member of the House Ways and Means Committee who had opposed the King-Anderson Bill. The Democratic nomination went instead to a medicare backer. —— WHEAT AND CORN *price supports, now on the books as amendments to the 1938 New Deal wheat program and the 1958 Benson feed grain program, are about to expire. Congress still shows no signs of agreeing on a substitute, and may wind up renewing the present costly and ineffective laws. If it fails to do so and the laws lapse, the next ceiling on wheat production could go as high as 55 million tons.* —— THE OFFICE OF EDUCATION is still awaiting the choice of a new Commissioner to succeed Sterling McMurrin, who will return to the University of Utah in September to teach philosophy. (Nearly a dozen men turned down the $20,000 job in 1960 before it was offered to McMurrin.) The 87th Congress refused to pass major legislation proposed by McMurrin and the 88th is not expected to treat his successor more kindly. —— PRESIDENTIAL PRESSURE *of a most personal kind helped rescue drug-control legislation. Kennedy brought Chairman Eastland of the Senate Judiciary Committee to the White House and later spoke on the telephone with Chairman Harris of the House Commerce Committee. His argument was that the thalidomide scandal has made drug controls a political imperative. Harris is now conducting belated hearings, and there is a better-than-even chance that at least some modest improvements in FDA's authority will be voted in the closing days of this session.* —— ESTES KEFAUVER'S steel cost-price inquiry appears to be stalled by the refusal of four producers to respond to his subcommittee subpoenas on invasion-of-privacy grounds. Though Kefauver will seek to have them cited for contempt, the appeals procedure could drag on for months. —— THE TRADE BILL *is now expected to be among the last items of Senate business before adjournment. Odds still favor its passage substantially intact, but not before serious obstacles have been overcome. One is the veiled filibuster threat of Wayne Morse, who has demanded provisos aiding the Northwest lumber industry.*

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disengage now," the President was notably vague about the future. His assumption was that disengagement necessarily implied troop disengagement and that the Russians would not be interested in anything less than total US withdrawal from all of Europe. That he left open what he would think in the event of Soviet interest in an agreement limited to nuclear arms in central Europe was noted and deplored in Bonn.

Mr. Khrushchev's hints that he may seek to place the Berlin issue before the UN General Assembly opening on September 18 suggest strongly that we have not heard the last of disengagement proposals and that the US would do well to retain the greatest possible diplomatic freedom of action. The fact that he has avoided specifying a date for the signing of the threatened peace treaty with East Germany in the wake of the latest mission of Walter Ulbricht offers some hope for a resumption of meaningful diplomatic discussions after the November US elections. But as Terence Prittie reports from Bonn in this issue, the growing mood of impatience in West Germany will make it increasingly difficult to treat the security of Berlin as a problem separate from the long-term issue of reunification.

Nickel Mountain

Buried under the bombast surrounding George Humphrey's visit to Washington last week one finds two principal unanswered questions. First, why did the Truman Administration sign a contract just before Humphrey's installation as Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury which guaranteed Humphrey's nickel producing Hanna Corporation a huge profit at no risk? Second, why did the Senate Finance Committee allow Humphrey to retain his Hanna stock while Secretary?

According to Humphrey, Hanna's profits from the Truman Administration contract were quite reasonable. Hanna had gambled in 1948 when it bought Nickel Mountain in Riddle, Oregon, because at that time there was no way of turning the Riddle ore into commercial nickel. When Hanna metallurgists worked out promising conversion processes, and the development of jet engines combined with the Korean War to drive the price of nickel sky high and make the government seek supplements to the Cuban and Canadian supplies on which it had previously depended, Hanna's 1948 gamble was bound to pay off handsomely. The only question was how. Hanna wanted to develop its Riddle holdings in an "orderly" and "businesslike" way, *i.e.* slowly. The government wanted a domestic supply of nickel, and it wanted it in a hurry. As patriots rather than profiteers, Hanna's directors agreed to the crash program – but only if the government provided a contract assuring a good profit at no risk. (As it turned out, according to the auditors, the profits ran about 25-30 percent after taxes on sales, and a fantastic 450 percent on capital investment.) Humphrey maintains that Hanna could have done even better out of Nickel Mountain if it had developed it more slowly and sold the nickel on the open market.

Humphrey's critics suspect that Hanna was more eager for the government contract than it now admits, and that the Truman Administration was less so. They note that Humphrey spent many days in Washington in March, 1953, just prior to the inauguration. This was the period when the Hanna contract was rushed through after months of delay. No evidence has turned up, however, linking Humphrey's presence in Washington to the approval of the contract.

Why the Senate Finance Committee allowed Humphrey to retain his Hanna stock is another, though perhaps related question. The argument was that it was better for a Secretary of the Treasury, who plays a key role in setting interest rates, to have his money in stocks than to have them in bonds or in a bank. This argument is not invalidated by the fact that Humphrey made a handsome $8 million profit from his Hanna holdings between 1953 and 1961. It is not invalidated, that is, if Humphrey did nothing while Secretary of the Treasury to increase those earnings.

Humphrey claims he was altogether circumspect, and that all matters affecting companies in which he held stock were dealt with by subordinates, without consulting him. Nevertheless, his circumspection seems to have failed him somewhat when he visited the Riddle plant in October, 1953, and signed the register not as the Secretary of the Treasury but as the Representative of the M. A. Hanna Corporation. (A similar slip by Adolphe Wenzell, who signed the register at an AEC meeting as a representative of the First Boston Corporation rather than as a consultant to the Bureau of the Budget, played a key role in cancelling the Dixon-Yates contract.) Humphrey's sense of propriety seems also to have failed him in 1957, the year he left the government, when he allowed – or perhaps encouraged – his Industrial Rayon Corporation to appoint Harry F. Byrd, Jr., to its board of directors. Harry F. Byrd, Jr., is the son of the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and it was this committee which had so conveniently allowed Humphrey to retain his stock holdings.

It is already clear that Humphrey has been less than candid with the Senate. In 1953 he told the Finance Committee that he had "no connection whatever" with the Hanna nickel contract. Now he admits he had a "limited" interest in it. Whether this is the limit of his deception is hard to judge, for he refused to answer most substantive questions in his appearance last week. But it is still possible that the Democrats may turn up another scandal of Dixon-Yates proportions.

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Mr. Haffner's "New Neutralism"

Bonn

The impatience of a growing number of West Germans over the fact that the Western alliance can do so little to reunify Germany "in freedom" has shown itself only spasmodically and harmlessly in an occasional newspaper cartoon or in the random remarks of politicians who blame Germany's allies for their own lack of constructive ideas. The assumption has been that this impatience would always be held in check by the exigencies of West Germany's exposed position in the front line of the Cold War.

But lately two articles in the independent newspaper, *Die Welt*, have offered a reminder that this impatience may lead to a reorientation of the West German view of the western alliance. The two articles were written by Mr. Sebastian Haffner, until a year ago the Berlin correspondent of the London *Observer*, who resigned from his paper because he believed its Berlin policy was too "weak." The Haffner articles – written by a man who was born a German, who was granted British citizenship but who has become perfectly re-acclimatized in Berlin – propose a new German neutralism.

The basis of this new neutralism is the belief that as long as the US and the Soviet Union squabble over the dismembered carcass of Germany there is no chance of the carcass being fitted together again. The Soviet Union will not allow reunification "in freedom," because a Germany united in this way would assume the Federal Republic's responsibilities to the Western alliance; the forces of NATO would advance to the Oder. The US will not allow the bogus reunification proposed by the Soviets – a two-state confederation – because this could pave the way for increased Soviet pressure on the free part of Germany and its gradual absorption by the Communist bloc. In short, the juxtaposition of the US and the Soviet Union within the German arena makes a final solution of the German problem impossible, and Haffner believes that a final solution must take the form of reunification. His view is by no means as exceptional as Louis Halle suggested in *The New Republic* last month (Mr. Halle wrote that, "All observers agree that no one in East Europe or in West Europe, outside of Germany, wants unification").

Haffner's premise is defensible: a divided Germany is almost certain to remain a target for Soviet pressure and, therefore, a source of western weakness and worry. He would have the Germans move towards reunification by a novel and ingenious route. He wants the firm cementing of the Franco-German entente – even at the expense of some temporary estrangement of the smaller nations of Western Europe and with the clearly envisaged possibility of Britain being left out of the West European bloc altogether. He argues that it might well be best for Britain to be left out anyway – that British participation would rob a European political union of its real meaning and coherence (chiefly because of Commonwealth ties).

The Franco-German entente should, in his view, build up its material strength (the implication is that this should include its own nuclear deterrent), unify Western Europe on its own terms, emancipate itself from American military and moral aid. This unified Western Europe under Franco-German hegemony should make it clear to the world that it can "stand on its own feet," and the way would then be clear for the mutual withdrawal of the US and the Soviet Union from the whole West European theater. Given disengagement as sweeping as this, according to Haffner, the Russians can hardly object to German reunification, for the Third Force, while strong enough to "stand on its own feet," would have neither the crushing strength nor the desire to attack the Communist bloc.

There are, of course, all sorts of flaws in this new neutralism. The Russians could not regard a European Third Force as genuinely neutral, since it would presumably continue to practice Western-style democracy. Nor could the Russians retreat to the Oder without serious misgivings, for this could loosen the Communist hold on Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia too. Is the Soviet Union prepared to welcome the sort of disengagement which Haffner envisages? What of the steady undercurrent of Communist pressure on the free world, actuated by the belief in eventual Communist world supremacy? Can a neutral European Third Force really emancipate itself from American aid and withstand this pressure?

Die Welt was alarmed by the possibility of columnist Haffner's opinions being identified with the paper's own policies. It hastily telephoned the German correspondent of a British paper which had published an account of these opinions, and denied any responsibility for them. Next day its veteran Bonn correspondent, Georg Schroeder, wrote a leading article bluntly describing the idea of a Third Force, totally independent of Washington and Moscow, as an illusion. Schroe-

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der suggested that most Germans were opposed to any thought of hegemony in Europe (the Franco-German entente, for instance) and wanted the maintenance of the closest possible links with the United States.

It may have been more than coincidence that a number of influential German papers – among them the Christian Democratic *Rheinische Post* and the independent *Westdeutsche Allgemeine* – thereupon published leading articles in the next two days calling for solidarity in the Western alliance and the realization that one might have to live with an unsolved Berlin (and German) problem. These two papers were preoccupied with the need for a *modus vivendi*, by which the freedom of West Berlin would be kept intact but in which hope of progress towards reunification might have to be deferred.

Thus, the first reactions toward the "new neutralism" among individuals as well as the press have been negative. But that does not mean that impatience in Western Germany will disappear or even diminish. It will merely remain uncoordinated. I submit two thoughts which may be relevant. In the first place, German impatience must not be allowed to become a factor in deterring the Western search for a way out of the dangerous Berlin impasse. On July 18 the diplomatic correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* wrote that Russian intransigence was such that it was "a waste of time" for the West to think up compromise solutions for Berlin. This is, I believe, a mistaken view. The West should not merely go on thinking up compromise solutions but should press any worthwhile proposal with persistence. There has been a great deal of talk of the dangers of a military vacuum in Central Europe, but a diplomatic vacuum is more dangerous. It is an incitement to the Soviet Union to take unilateral action.

In the second place, if we are to "live with" an unsolved Berlin (and German) problem, the West must evolve some creative approach. No one so far has produced a better line of thought than the German philosopher Karl Jaspers. He suggested that while German reunification might have to be indefinitely postponed, the West should employ all its powers of persuasion to secure better living conditions for the people of Eastern Germany. Here is a constructive possibility. The East Germans will never be happy under the Ulbricht dictatorship; nor will they be prosperous enough to make a worthwhile economic contribution to the Communist bloc. No "new German nationality" can be created in Leipzig and East Berlin; the magnet of a prosperous West Germany will exercise too strong a pull. Jaspers suggested that the strength and rooted belief in freedom of the West should be used to secure a freer existence for 17 million East Germans. Here is a theme deserving deep thought and cogent effort. It offers more hope of a Western advance in Central Europe than the new neutralism of Mr. Haffner. TERENCE PRITTIE

WHAT DOES DE GAULLE WANT?

The Market Marathon

London

Whitehall has been keeping a stiff upper lip since the return from Brussels of Edward Heath, Lord Privy Seal and now Britain's full-time negotiator with the Common Market. Europe's terms for Commonwealth trade are not necessarily going to delight Mr. Diefenbaker and Mr. Menzies, or Mr. Nehru for that matter; but there is certainly enough substance to make it worth the Commonwealth prime ministers' while to turn up in London by September 10 as arranged.

Ministers here are saying little (except to the grouse of Yorkshire and Scotland) beyond stressing the points that careless Commonwealth men may have missed: that the Europeans are ready for world commodity talks next spring, that the Six's price policy for agriculture is pledged to give Commonwealth foodstuffs a toe in the door, and that New Zealand is really going to get special treatment (both to temper the wind to a badly shorn lamb and to break up any incipient old dominion coalition). There is no secret, though, that the hiatus in the Brussels negotiation is blazingly inconvenient to the Tory party machine, which was planning to do some hard pre-electoral selling on Europe this fall: now, precisely when EuroMac was due to be unveiled to the faithful at the Tory party conference in October, Heath will only just be back in Brussels and getting down to policy papers on jute and pig-meat. The whole Market marathon could drag on well into next year.

The French, of course, have been getting plenty of stick from the pro-Marketeers here and on the continent (and French officials have been going round to the Foreign Office to insist that this is totally unfair). The British team is still not sure precisely what prompted M. Couve de Murville to present Heath with the famous document, laying down the French version of

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the import levies that will fall on all foodstuffs coming from outside the Community, at the patently unsporting hour of 3 o'clock on a Sunday morning. The French needed to tie Heath down to this frankly protectionist device for European agriculture; equally, they wanted to tie the other food importers, the Germans and the Dutch, along with Britain in a definitive apportionment of the levies that benefits the small French farmer, and his mounting surpluses, most of all. Heath had agreed to the levy system (it will have anti-Market political repercussions by causing a substantial rise in British food prices) but he hoped to dodge the issue of the actual apportionment until after Britain was safely in the Community. It is now admitted, a trifle ruefully, that the French have every right to protect their interests: but, the Brussels warriors aver, it was the way they did it that raised British hackles, and those of the other five, too.

The French had left no doubt in Heath's mind that they believed his negotiating position to be so weak that he would be forced to take as the Six's last word any French terms that had the backing of the European Commission, the Brussels bureaucracy that guards the letter of the Treaty of Rome and of the agricultural compromise between the Six last January. Thus, the French calculated, Heath could either be scared off by impossible terms for the Commonwealth, or Britain itself could be compelled to be totally and irrevocably Europeanized, turning its economic and political back on the outside world. Those who are most suspicious of de Gaulle's intentions swear they saw a flicker of chagrin on Couve de Murville's face when Heath swallowed the 1970 cut-off for preferential Commonwealth imports: this school of thought maintains that the import levy issue was merely a bigger spanner chucked into the works on purpose, and that even if Heath (and the Germans, Belgians and Dutch) fish it out again in October, there is a whole armoury of wrecking tools at Couve's disposal when it comes to accommodating the European Free Trade Association (the Seven), neutrals and all. In theory, at least, Britain is as committed to EFTA partners like the Swedes, Swiss, Austrians and even Finns as it is to the Commonwealth; in this sense, EFTA has become a very expensive investment. So the French could spin the negotiations out indefinitely, or at least as long as it takes to impose the Gaullist political pattern on Europe before Britain is allowed in. It may be a straw in the wind that Paul-Henri Spaak, hitherto (with the Dutch) the toughest opponent of any political treaty until Britain enters the Community, has now made a personal overture to de Gaulle agreeing to resume discussions. Spaak has been bordering on despair ever since he learned in the clash with Hugh Gaitskell that the Labour party, with its electoral support coming from Britain's least efficient regions, is less than anxious to get into Europe except on impossibly advantageous terms.

Heath himself has not despaired of pulling the French into a more accommodating economic position this fall. This will entail a continuing display of British sweet reasonableness, whatever noises come out of Canberra and Ottawa, in the belief that the other five will jostle and argue the French into having to choose between concessions to the Commonwealth and public ostracism as the divider of western Europe. Benelux's political need for Britain and West German industry's rising interest in Commonwealth markets may do Heath's job for him in the end, but there are three major conditions. First, the Commonwealth prime ministers have got to be placated next month, at least to the extent that they do not slap down a consolidated list of minimum requirements for every product from Australian soft wheat to Indian textiles. The prospect of world commodity talks next year could stop this kind of front from forming. Second, public opinion in Britain must be kept from slipping into the anti-market fold (the polls show a slight edge against the market now, with many undecideds) simply because the Europeans are a devious, unintelligible, peasant-ridden, anti-British lot. The wobbliness of the Labour party center has become, if anything, more pronounced in the past two weeks; the Tory anti-Marketeers, still a small minority of the party with no more than 30 certain votes in the Commons, are biding their time until after the Commonwealth conference.

And thirdly, de Gaulle will have to be given his price for letting Britain into his castle at all. What does he want? Is it simply a British subsidy for French farmers? No one in London believes this. Is it the final severance of Britain from the white Commonwealth so that Whitehall will have no sentimental or economic pretext to speak with any voice except that of a European power? Conceivably so. Or is it the construction of an exclusively European entity, marked off not only by tariff walls but by the possession of its own nuclear force and foreign policy: a Europe in which the British and their friends would not be able to let down the drawbridge to American and Atlantic policies, pretentiously claiming a special relationship with Washington and half-prepared to leave European interests dependent on Chicago's future willingness to suffer Russian bombardment? Macmillan's task has been, and still is, to get into Europe without giving too many hostages of this kind to Gaullism; in simple fact, to get in and then to mobilize European majorities for freer trade and Atlantic integration. Britain could have done this, at trifling cost to itself, any time from 1945 to 1958; now it may just not be possible until Europe's old men are gone.

Alastair Burnet

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Dilworth's Dilemma

Philadelphia

Much to the delight of local Republicans, a Philadelphia judge has called a special grand jury to investigate misbehavior in City Hall, including charges that Democratic city council members have traded legislation for party contributions. Whatever the outcome, former mayor Richardson Dilworth, who resigned last winter to run for governor, has been draped with an albatross. His opponent, Rep. William W. Scranton, of the Scranton, Pa., Scrantons, in whom Modern Republicanism has a big investment, is charging about the state trying to link Dilworth to recent scandals, and these in turn to the "power politics" of Rep. William J. Green, Jr., Democratic city chairman.

Politics is cruel. "Boss" Green is no friend of Dilworth's. He worked hard to prevent Dilworth's nomination, for the ex-mayor's tastes run to urban renewal, civil service reform and good government. Green and his Organization are more concerned with jobs, reliable (pliable) candidates and the fruits of power generally. Dilworth, though he has been a good vote-getter, is not the kind of man Green would like to see get his hands on the state's 70,000 patronage jobs. Despite Dilworth's not-unreasonable belief that he could do a good job in Harrisburg, Green blocked his nomination in 1954 and again in 1958.

Yet it was Dilworth and Joseph S. Clark, the "good government twins" of Philadelphia reform, who fought the battles that made possible Green's Organization. Clark and Dilworth as mayor and district attorney in 1951 made a spectacular record throwing crooks, the legacy of 67 unbroken GOP years, out of City Hall.

Then in 1956 Clark, never hiding his contempt for Boss Green, declared for the Senate and marched off to Washington, the only statewide Democratic candidate who wasn't flattened by the Eisenhower steamroller. Dilworth, as mayor, immersed himself in urban renewal and related problems; and while he was off seeking money for Philadelphia in Harrisburg or Washington, other grasping hands were feeling their way around City Hall. Early in 1960 the Philadelphia *Bulletin* began its exposé of "vote frauds," including forged signatures and non-existent addresses. District Attorney Victor Blanc, a Green man whose party loyalty has since been rewarded with a judgeship, appeared uninterested; but the good government groups made enough fuss to knock 53,000 names off the voting rolls. An investigation by the state attorney general led to indictments of minor ward politicians.

Then a local Billie Sol named Eli Travis was found not only to have performed faulty work on the Frankford Elevated but to have lubricated the palms of several city employees while doing it. Included in Travis' largesse was a $3,000 contribution to Citizens For Kennedy made through City Councilman Victor Moore, which somehow never got reported as required by law.

In June 1961 another contractor confessed that certain officials tried to extort $2500 from him to insure passage of a zoning variance he needed in order to build a service station. Next it was revealed that an association of coin-operated laundry owners, hopeful of kindly treatment by City Council, had contributed $4,000 to the Democratic party "just out of good will." The district attorney, James C. Crumlish, formerly of the voter Registration Commission and handpicked by Green as Judge Blanc's replacement, seemed even less interested in grand juries than his predecessor.

Dilworth's Achilles Heel has always been a reluctance to dissociate himself from Representative Green. The mayor has acted like a fidgety suitor, not wanting exactly to woo the Boss publicly, but not willing to give him up either. As mayor he felt he needed Green's Organization (14 of 16 city council seats) to pass enabling legislation for urban renewal. Now 63, he wants badly to cap a distinguished career with four years in Harrisburg. Could he be nominated for governor without Green's help? Dilworth took a long time to decide. And in the process he made what may turn out to be the fatal mistake of his colorful and useful career.

Last year, the Republican Alliance, a moderate group trying to redeem the Philadelphia GOP from the old pros who had put it in hock, petitioned the court for a grand jury investigation of the scandalous Democrats. Mayor Dilworth hastened to point out that his administration had exposed its own wrong-doers, fired some, punished others. Some felt this the moment for Dilworth to "pull a Wagner" and part company with Green as New York's mayor did, belatedly, with DeSapio. Some of Green's Organization would be bound to wilt under the heat of an investigation.

Meanwhile, having ascended to a seat in the Presidential box at the Inaugural Ball for delivering Philadelphia to Kennedy by 325,000 votes, Green felt the time had come for him to do some strutting. He tried to dictate a reapportionment plan to the state legislature that would have tied blocks of suburban voters in three counties to Philadelphia, thereby saving one Con-

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gressional seat for the city. He failed. Crying "billymander" and "Green Grab", suburbanites rose up to vote even more heavily Republican than usual in '61.

Dilworth can count. He decided the electorate was none too happy with Green. He declared he would "be a man instead of a mouse" and run for governor with or without Organization support, fighting Green in a primary if necessary. In this he certainly would have had the backing of Clark, who would have no significant opposition for his Senatorial nomination. However, Governor David L. Lawrence and perhaps the President, not hankering for a split in the party, kept Green in line: at the last moment the Democrats slated Dilworth. Now some liberal Democrats and independents find it hard to buy Dilworth's protests that nothing has been cooked up between Green and himself.

Recent private polls make clear that Clark is the state's most popular candidate; he has done without Green's love and has kept his fences in good repair both in the cities and in the Northeastern and Western sections of the state where unemployment and depression are chronic. Few observers give Clark's opponent, Rep. James E. Van Zandt, of Altoona, much chance. Van Zandt, a conservative ex-VFW National Commander, will have a hard time pulling votes out of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, where the President may be expected to emphasize the generally anti-Administration records of both Van Zandt and Rep. Scranton.

Scranton, however, is another matter. Republicans claim their polls give him a 6 percent statewide edge over Dilworth, though they admit he won't carry the two large cities. Scranton, like Dilworth a Yale graduate, lawyer, family man and veteran, is billed as the rising star of Responsible Republicanism, though his candidacy is the result of a compromise with some of the most intractible reactionaries in politics. Scranton is the kind of man not many are hotly against – or for. Dilworth arouses strong antipathy, and admiration.

Both candidates have been touring the Philadelphia suburbs, shaking hands and talking. Scranton, graying at the temples, seems ten years older than his 44 years but gives the impression of a fatherly sincerity that makes even his harshest censure of Dilworth sound like the admonishments of an earnest insurance salesman. The issues, Scranton says, are "unemployment and power politics." He maintains that Dilworth, one of the best reform mayors of recent times, has "sold himself to the bosses," and is therefore unfit to be governor. There's a streak of Eisenhowerish naivete in some of his campaigning: he feigned surprise when it was found that neighborhoods were labelled in his itinerary as Negro, Jewish, German Protestant. He said he wouldn't stand for this since "We're all Americans."

Were it not for the fact that Judge Eugene V. Alessandroni, who ordered the grand jury investigation of the alleged Philadelphia scandals, is one of the city's most scholarly and respected jurists, one could make something of the fact that his nephew is Scranton's campaign manager, or that W. Wilson White, the special prosecutor, used to be a law partner of Republican Senator Hugh Scott. Dilworth has pointed out the coincidence. But for the Democrats to call the grand jury "politically-inspired" is a weak defense against the fact that there *has* been funny business in Philadelphia this past year and a half. The grand jury may still become a comic opera. One of White's assistants made headlines when it was revealed that he threw a dessert at Dilworth's portrait during a dinner at a friend's home several years ago. Meanwhile, the Democrats have asked Judge Alessandroni to have the grand jury check the Republican Alliance's finances, and the Alliance seeks to have the jury include the Democratic City Committee. In fact a Democratic City Councilman brought – and then withdrew under pressure from Dilworth, among others – a lawsuit to dismiss the special prosecutor, arguing that the funds for his office should come from the state rather than the city or county.

Corruption aside, both candidates seem to recognize that the main campaign issue is unemployment. Scranton talks about building highways, attracting federal contracts, and spending money on new industries. Dilworth, experienced in planning, renewal, and development, sees a more subtle and complex problem. Recently, at the home of a wealthy Main Line Democrat, he delivered a 5-minute tour-de-force on Pennsylvania's industrial history. He described the steel and coal booms of 60 years ago, traced the technological changes that have affected these industries, showed why nearly 500,000 people in the state are jobless, and proposed, among other things, well-paid state representatives in Washington and even to the Common Market to attract new industries and customers. He also made the point that one way to attract industries is to provide good schools that turn out good engineers and scientists. The Republicans, he said, have been reluctant to support the many school bills now in the legislature for fear credit would go to a Democratic administration. In his candor, passion and grasp of public problems, Dilworth, up close, can be quite persuasive.

However, Dilworth isn't going to make Republican converts. Nor need he if he can keep the votes of the liberal Democrats and independents in the cities and suburbs – disenchanted with the Green Organization – who went for Kennedy in 1960. To reach them Dilworth hopes to entice Scranton into a series of television debates but so far Scranton has agreed only to one. On TV, Scranton's attacks on Dilworth's political ties might not be enough to overcome the former mayor's straightforward and knowing remarks on what ails Pennsylvania.

MARVIN R. WEISBORD

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THE "UNIVERSALIZATION" OF THE CHURCH

The Coming Vatican Council

Rome

Those who live on the forefront of modern civilization have already felt pessimism concerning the Second Vatican Council, to be convened in Rome on October 8. Here in Rome, in the summer heat, the work of the Preparatory Commissions has come to an end – in summary form, the proposals from sources all over the world make a book of 2060 pages, and the reports fill 15 projected volumes. The 103-member Central Commission, unquestionably the most powerful institutional force to spring into being for this Council, sifted and coordinated this vast material.

No Council in the Roman Catholic Church's history – there have been 19 previous ones – has been so well prepared. Unlike past councils, no secular powers bid to interfere with it, and no princes or kings or heads of state will be in attendance; the wall between Church and State works both ways now. Unlike past councils, this one is not called to meet any one crucial decision or immediate social-religious upheavals. The degree of psychological freedom, therefore, and the hope of constructive gain have never been so great. Why then the pessimism?

In the first place, several misunderstandings engendered impossible hopes. "Ecumenical" is an old word, whose traditional reference is not to the union of Protestant, Orthodox and Catholic Christians, but rather to the gathering of all the Catholic bishops of the world. The present Council is not, therefore, "ecumenical" in the modern sense. Indeed, as the months have gone by (and despite the herculean efforts of men like Cardinal Bea, president of the Commission for Unity), the theme of union with Protestants and Orthodox seems to have taken an increasingly remote place in preparatory discussions. No doubt Pope John himself, in a fallible moment, so to speak, gave rise to these false hopes by his initial ambiguous use of "ecumenical"; and no doubt he is among those who wish the hopes were not false ones. But realities supervene: as a prominent Vatican official told me, "In a century perhaps; first we must renew the life of the Church itself."

A second impossible hope is that renewal of the Church will come by some dramatic action, some whisk of a wand, or sweeping legislative fiat. The life of the spirit has its own laws: if the Church is to be renewed, it cannot be merely by better organization, by modernizing its techniques. No means of mass-producing saints is conceivable. Nor is there any simple solution to a thousand modern dilemmas, like corporate responsibility, nuclear diplomacy, or the tendency of the mass media to degenerate to the lowest moral and aesthetic denominator. No group of men, whether prelates or ministers of state, are going to resolve contemporary dilemmas by meeting to discuss them.

But the heart of the matter is that some members of the Roman Curia – that civil service of the Church – have been at least suspicious of, if not hostile to, the Council from its inception. Pope John startled Rome by his impromptu announcement of the Council in January, 1959; it seems fortunate that the bolt came from the blue, or it might have been stayed. It is difficult to get this matter clear because of traditional Latin secrecy. But secrecy breeds gossip – no city in the world breeds as much as Rome – and many take revenge upon secrecy by broad jests and parables. In a number of Roman stories I hear the accent of truth.

One of these tells that Pope John, walking in the Vatican, told a worker: "Here, I'm in command; but I do what others want." Another (almost certainly not authentic as to fact) tells that each time a Curial Cardinal asked for a delay in convening the Council – if Pope John died before its start, it might well never be held – the good Pope moved the date up another month. A third story caps the sequence by turning a proverb into fact: the Curia saw it couldn't defeat the Council and so decided to join it. Nearly every Preparatory Commission was headed by a Curial Cardinal, and the stamp of the Curia is surely strong on the matter now prepared for discussion.

Still, the non-Curial members of the various commissions are said to be highly satisfied with the conduct of the preparatory sessions. Discussions were apparently free and unstructured; opportunities for dissent and suggestion were immediately available. Pope John's own commendations of the preparatory work are high; and while one may discount some of his commendation as hortatory as regards tasks yet to come, still the note of his statements is one of warmth and satisfaction.

It is clear that Pope John knows how to work with the Curia and maintain its good will – an effort Pius XII in his later years didn't deign to make. He consults it; he sees its members regularly; he fills its vacancies immediately. (He said from the beginning he would be a peaceful Pope, working by benevolence, not force.) Furthermore, the Curia itself is not a monolith. Many of its members, especially those who have had opportunities to work abroad, are far from the stereotype

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which some others fill so well. Cardinal Azazinian speaks glowingly of the perspective his visits to America have given him; Cardinals Bea, Valin and Cicognani, Archbishop Sigismondi, and others are thoughtful and open men, whose voices in some matters will have a universal accent.

Significantly, Pope John has reserved to himself all final powers of decision concerning the agenda. He presided over the Central Commission, and when he wasn't present appointed various Cardinals – no single one – to take his place. His guiding hand was felt in all the commissions, especially (it is said) in the Theological Commission – that concerned with formulating exactly what the Church believes Christ revealed, and of course the most delicate and central. Most important of all, Pope John will preside at the Council itself. His presidency is for many the fulcrum of their hopes.

For the Curia, although it makes the administrative wheels of the Church go round, is not the Church. It is a career service, organizational, jealous of its tasks and its traditions. The introduction of non-career men into high posts demoralizes those in the ranks. Granted sincere devotion to the Church, ambition makes the Curia run; ambition is the ecclesiastical lust.

The great limitation of the Curia is its limited intellectual horizon. Italy – and Spain – have not participated in the intellectual and cultural revolutions of the North. Industrialization, pluralism, self-critical individual conscience, even democracy and the idea of law for the sake of (not against) freedom – these are not yet part of Italian experience. The Italian cleric refuses to concede that progress rests with the Northern countries; in his view, the Church remains the glory of civilization, all else is a step backwards or apart. One reads frequently in *Osservatore Romano* of recognition "by all the world" of the splendors of the Church. The Italian cleric refuses to concede that his own flock is largely ignorant, with a childish, immature faith. "We have not failed to preach the gospel," he asserts. He uses the rhetoric of "progress," "bring up to date," "adaptation," but he does not share the experience of what Americans, for example, mean by these words.

A Vatican official to whom I spoke expressed the unbroken optimism of the *Osservatore;* but as I left his office and walked in the hot, clear Italian sun, I began to see that "optimism" depends on what you're hoping for. "Revolution, swift change, no," he had waved a finger. "But changes in organization so that, who knows? In a hundred years. . . ." (By "changes in organization" his tone suggested "slight adjustments.") "No thanks, Monsignore," I thought in the sun; "That's very pessimistic."

Besides the figure of Pope John himself, however, there are resources in the Church that may prevent the trivialization of the Council. Countless more non-Italians than ever before have been flying in and out of Rome for three years. Whereas in 1870 700 bishops took part in Vatican Council I, between three and four times that number will descend on Rome this October. In St. Peter's, the microphone will give them equal voice, no matter where they sit. And the bishop of Utrecht has already suggested that the Central Commission be continued as a permanent international body of the Church. The Curia had good reason to be afraid.

One can expect the French, German and Lowlands bishops to speak as vigorously as is their wont. Cardinal Feltin of Paris has recently abolished the cassock as the street wear of his priests, and ordered black or grey suits worn in its place. The indefatigable Cardinal Bea has given thousands of talks and interviews and written countless letters these past three years in the cause of Christian unity. Cardinal Leger of Montreal appointed a conference of laymen to prepare free and critical suggestions for the Council. Some among the German hierarchy have long championed liturgical reform, the vernacular, and the admission of converted Protestant ministers to priestly orders, even if married.

Many American bishops will be handicapped by comparative lack of facility in Latin, but some, like Archbishop Cody of New Orleans (Archbishop Rommel's aggressive new coadjutor), are masters of the tongue. In the past, American bishops have been exceedingly tender with the Curia, even subservient, much to the distress of the hard-pressed French and Germans. Nearly as numerous as the Italian hierarchy, their decisions in this Council will be exceedingly weighty. It is, in fact, the hundreds of bishops who listen to the give-and-take of argument and then vote as it seems best to them, who will control this Council.

There is a great deal of room, then, for – as Catholics put it – the Holy Spirit to direct the Second Vatican Council. Who will speak first? Which arguments shall find the most impressive champions? At what moments and to what effect will Pope John speak up to give a new turn to the discussions? What unknown bishop, vigorous of mind and speech, will reverse a prevailing mood? Councils have always been dramatic in the past, for the weight of their decisions is felt for centuries. But because this is the first truly universal Council, with members in large numbers from many continents other than Europe, the drama will be unsurpassed: a critical point has been reached.

Men have "increased and multiplied, and possessed the earth"; the Gospel has been "preached to all nations." What is at stake in the second Vatican Council is the universalization of the Church. It is not what the press will report day to day – the cryptic press releases that non-professional priests in the press office are going to have to prepare: the subjects of discussion, the Latinized phrases – that will be significant at the

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end of this century. What will endure are the small fissures in the prevailing self-conception of the Church – rooted in Roman law, tied to Latin traditions, limited publicly to Italian-Spanish intellectual experience.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, Jesuit author of *The Phenomenon of Man*, against whose works the (Curial) Holy Office recently issued a mild but firm warning, called this process the breakthrough into the "noosphere" – men thinking not as Italians, or Americans, or French, but as men. Pope John's sudden proclamation of a worldwide Council has lifted the Roman Catholic Church closer to that breakthrough in fact, as it has always claimed it in theory, than would have seemed possible for generations.

From the blue the proclamation came – while he was at prayer, Pope John thought of it, and turned in his subsequent sermon to announce it. What the Christian world waits to see is how deeply, even if very quietly, the lightning has shaken the present walls, so that a newer Jerusalem may be begun again – that endless beginning again which is the task of the Church in history.

MICHAEL NOVAK

Deficits and Economic Growth

by Matthew J. Kust

While the President was once again acknowledging our inadequate rate of growth in his Report to the Nation, the Joint Economic Committee was listening last week to the growth prescriptions of British, Italian and Swiss economists. The European example has become such a fashionable one in mapping our own national potential that little attention was given to the unprecedented action of a committee of the US Congress in inviting expert testimony from abroad.

Edwin L. Dale, Jr., has been arguing persuasively in this journal and *The New York Times* that Europe owes its greater economic growth to a bolder use of government deficit finance. But before this analysis is too readily accepted, it may be in order to inquire whether government deficits have the same economic impact in the European and US economies.

It should be clearly understood at the outset that the United States has kept pace with the European countries in running deficits during the past decade. Federal, state and local governments had deficits in 8 out of the last 12 years in their cash receipts and payments, and there had been a net deficit of $21.3 billion during the period of 1950-61. This differs little from the records in Europe. The Joint Economic Committee, in its Annual Report for the current year, lumped the capital and current budget of three European countries for comparative purposes and found that England had deficits in nine out of the last 11 years, France had deficits in each of the last ten years and Germany had a deficit in four out of the past six years. One naturally asks, therefore, why it is that government deficits resulted in such an inadequate rate of growth in the US while yielding such high rates in France and Germany.

Europeans have accepted, which we have not, the principle of the mixed economy wherein the government conducts many industrial undertakings that are privately owned in the United States. Transportation, communications, power and many basic industries such as coal, gas, petroleum, iron and steel are, by and large, undertaken by government or publicly owned corporations. The Renault automobile works in France and the Ansaldo heavy electrical equipment enterprise in Italy are well-known cases in point. The EEC September 1958 Report on *The Economic Situation in the Countries of the Community* points out that public investment as a percentage of total investment varied between 20-50 percent in Belgium, Italy, The Netherlands, and West Germany. The Report points to "the importance of the public sector, or of activities under public control, in France and Italy," and concludes that "it may be doubted whether the investments in the coalfields or in electricity would in other circumstances have reached the scale that is found in France."

In the United States, the situation is distinctly different, and much that would be government enterprise in Europe is privately owned. Relatively little in the Federal budget is, therefore, expenditure for productive enterprise. As a matter of fact, most of our Federal expenditues are for military purposes and veterans benefits, none of which result in productive investment. It would be quite different if, let us say, the government owned the railways and floated a multi-billion dollar bond issue for rehabilitation and modernization.

The largest proportion of productive investment undertaken by European governments has caused them

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to adopt the practice of segregating their public finance into capital and current budgets. Capital projects are frequently financed through self-liquidating public bond issues instead of tax revenues. Such separation of the Federal budget is being advocated for the US but there is obviously far less reason for it.

The upshot of this difference in the European and American economic situations is that when European governments resort to deficit finance this most likely results in investment in productive facilities, but when the United States Government does so, the result is increased consumption of the national product.

In fact, if one looks at the broad range of economic policies in European countries, there is a pervasive bias against consumption and in favor of investment. Much less of the national income is allocated to wages and salaries. In 1960, wages and salaries as a percentage of national income were 70.7 percent in the United States, 68.9 percent in the United Kingdom, 60.6 percent in West Germany and 56.8 percent in The Netherlands. These figures reveal a high correlation between high wages and salaries and low economic growth. The United Kingdom has an even poorer growth rate than the United States, whereas Germany and The Netherlands have some of the best growth rates in Europe. The reason for this correlation is not difficult to comprehend. Wages and salaries are largely consumed, not invested. If a greater proportion of the national production is distributed as wages and salaries, this operates to reduce the savings and investment in the economy upon which economic growth depends.

Tax policies vary considerably. The United States and England tax corporations at rates of 52 percent and 53 percent. Though Germany imposes a tax at the nominal rate of 51 percent, because of liberal tax concessions, primarily accelerated depreciation, the effective rate on new investment is about 22 percent. Other European countries fall between. Again the correlation is striking. Since corporations undertake most of the private productive investment in industrialized countries, heavy taxation of their earnings dissuades growth.

Personal taxation also differs. The United States and England rely primarily on a highly progressive income tax. In Europe, less reliance is placed on income taxation and more on such indirect taxation as the turnover (*e.g.*, when sheet steel is sold to an auto manufacturer) and other transaction or commodity taxes imposed on goods and services at various stages of production. The Common Market countries raise anywhere from 25 percent to 45 percent of their revenues from a turnover tax. Revenue from the income tax averages only about 35 percent in Europe, in contrast to 80 percent in the US. The ultimate incidence of the turnover and similar taxes is on personal expenditures, and hence deters consumption and favors savings. An income tax, by contrast, provides no incentive for personal savings.

Such economic policies favoring savings over consumption can be expected to result in greater investment in productive facilities. And this is precisely what has happened. In 1960, West Germany devoted 12.1 percent, France 8.4 percent, and the United States 5.5 percent of its GNP for investment in new machinery and equipment. The result is that the United States has an old and obsolete industrial plant. More than 60 percent of American machinery and equipment is over 10 years old. The comparable figure for West Germany is 55 percent, Italy 56 percent, and England 59 percent. Lack of modern productive facilities makes American industry less efficient and contributes to high prices.

It is this quite striking difference in the economic impact of government finance, tax, wage and other economic policies in Europe and the US which may provide the answer to the great difference in growth rates.

This is also the implication of Simon Kuznet's remarkable, but largely ignored, study entitled *Capital in the American Economy: Its Formation and Financing*, published last autumn. In brief, Kuznets points out that savings declined from about 12 percent to 7 percent of disposable incomes since the turn of the century in spite of a 17 percent rise in per capita incomes per decade. This decline in savings transpired as rapidly advancing technology called for greater investment in new machinery and equipment to sustain a satisfactory rate of economic growth. Consequently, the rate of net capital formation declined from 14.6 percent to 7 percent during the study period (1869-1955).

Kuznets points out that due to urbanization, emulation of consumption patterns and other factors during the past generation or two, the American economy has acquired a consumption bias which militates against savings and investment. Moreover, he does not foresee much hope of reversing this bias without fundamental changes in national economic policies. He also points out that the huge government budgets of recent decades contribute to the consumption bias of the economy as government expenditures are largely for consumption purposes. Some military construction and research probably add to the country's productive facilities, but expenditures on military hardware and personnel produces no economic goods or services.

Perhaps we have been too prone to forget in formulating our national economic policies that economic growth can be stunted by too much consumption and too little savings of our national production. The fear of oversaving, a legacy from the pre-war "mature economy" thinking which still pervades our economic doctrine today, may have blinded us to this fact. It may, therefore, be that our malady in the past decade has been over- rather than under-consumption.

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Who Listened?

Mr. Edmund Wilson's publicly proclaimed distaste for *The New Republic* makes this an inappropriate place in which to suggest a federal subsidy for the critic; but the fact remains that he has commemorated the Civil War more rationally than all the commissions appointed by the President and various Governors, although some have received folding money in abundance.

The merit of Mr. Wilson's book, *Patriotic Gore*, is not in the author's dark suspicion that civilization in America might have been further advanced had the South won. It is in the picture it presents of the intellectual and moral confusion out of which the conflict arose. Thus, Harriet Beecher Stowe was detested in the South despite the fact that all her heroes were Southern gentlemen and her colossal villain a New England Yankee. Again, at one time mere possession of Hinton Rowan Helper's book, *The Impending Crisis*, was criminal in the South, although Helper was perhaps the most violent racist prior to Hitler. In the North, John C. Calhoun was rated as half villain and half madman, although as a political philosopher he makes Madison and Hamilton seem shallow. He couldn't write, but if he had surpassed Wilson in that department it is unlikely that he would have been heeded in the bedlam of Buchanan's administration.

All of which seems well worth remembering at a time when Albany, Georgia, thinks it accomplishes something by putting Martin Luther King in jail, and many honorable members of Congress apparently are persuaded that the way to win the Chinese masses is to deny them food when they are starving and our abundance is so rank that it produces a Billie Sol Estes. Intellectual and moral confusion engendered the great national tragedy a hundred years ago; it is more useful to remember that than Longstreet's assault at Gettysburg which, after all, like the one immortalized by Tennyson, was magnificent, but not war.

Unfortunately while it may be more useful, it is much less pleasant to remember the causes of war than to grow maudlin over the military virtues it demonstrates. Certainly Grant and Lee are both glorious names, but they won their fame because statecraft had collapsed. Perhaps we could produce two more like them in a similar emergency, but that is in the realm of doubt; what is beyond dispute is that we are still capable of intellectual and moral confusion. It is not a matter of doubt because it is upon us.

Schiller's observation that against stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain is a summation of political history too dismal to be accepted, but too apt to be dismissed with a shrug. It is generally, but not absolutely, true for if stupidity were invincible this country would not have lasted nearly two hundred years. It came desperately close to ending "fourscore and seven years" after its birth. If Longstreet had attacked in the morning, while Meade was still out of position – but he didn't, and by three hours the Union survived.

There is no fear that the battle of Gettysburg will ever be fought again, for the art of war is altogether different now; but the thing worth remembering is that it wouldn't have been fought at all had not this nation lost its sense of direction and its ability to face reality in the years preceding the war. In the days of Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, the clamor of strident voices was deafening enough to drown reason; but the analysis in Wilson's book of what those voices said bears a sinister similarity to the cacophony of our own time.

Lincoln was talking sense, but who listened? He didn't win the election of 1860; the Democrats handed it to him by splitting their vote. Lincoln was a minority President; a solid opposition would have beaten him by a majority of a million.

This inevitably leads to speculation. Is there today, drowned by the uproar, a voice of reason which we could hear if we were attentive enough? For the last three months apparently nobody has been listening to Kennedy unless, perhaps, it is the mass of silent voters. As to that, we shall know in November when the people go to the polls without the pernicious influence of religious prejudice.

One thing, however, we already know. If we continue irresolute, aimless, without direction and without apparent purpose, the result will be calamity – oh, not another Civil War, but something troublesome enough to make us bitterly regret these days of uncertainty and futility. Kennedy will be President *de jure* for the next two years; if mutiny within his own party makes it impossible for him to be President *de facto*, the great loser will not be Kennedy but the country. Even his enemies should consider that, for leadership that is less than ideal is far better than no leadership at all. If you doubt it, read Wilson.

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"This Man Franco"

An Appeal to America

by Salvador de Madariaga

The Spanish Civil War ended 23 years ago with the triumph of something vaguely known as "the Right." This was in fact a hotchpotch of ill-assorted tendencies: a *Falange*, born and bred in Germany as the Spanish version of the Nazi Party; the Army and the Church, as the two time-honored Spanish institutions; the monarchists, as the protagonists not merely of a particular form of government but of the old feudal landed estates; finally, big business and finance. By playing on the fear of a renewed civil war, one man – Franco – concentrated in his hands the potential power of all these forces.

No dictatorship was ever simpler. It had but one aim: to last. To this, everything was sacrificed: institutions, political life, public opinion, law. Franco has himself defined his regime (to Nora Beloff of *The Observer*) as one of personal command, *un regimen de mando personal*. Not only does he dictate the statutes, he applies them and breaks them as he wishes. When the 80 Spaniards who attended the recent gathering in Munich (to which I shall refer later) returned to Spain, Franco had a high number of them jailed or exiled, instantly. No nonsense about law courts. Indeed, Franco has been imposing internal exile or "enforced residence" right and left for years. It was only because this time the victims were intellectuals with foreign friends, rather than anonymous strikers easily lost in the crowd, that Franco prefaced his action by announcing that the right to reside wherever one pleases, granted every Spaniard by the regime's own Charter (*Fuero de los Españoles*), was formally suspended for two years by decree. The beatings and tortures inflicted by the police also get aired abroad only when the victim happens to be an intellectual.

And so for over two decades a European people, one of the initiators of municipal and representative institutions in Europe, has been kept in jail by one man leaning on an Army corrupted by fat directorships. This state of affairs is fundamentally the fault of the Spanish people themselves, and no objective study can or should blur that fact. Nevertheless, it is equally objective to point out that the longevity of the Franco dictatorship has also depended on what the Western democracies have and have not done.

My purpose here is to explain why Spain will probably be lost to the West if the West does not reverse its present passive acceptance of Franco. I will also try to suggest some alternative policies which might have less disastrous results. The root of the trouble is a psychological fact: the Spanish people have been be-

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trayed by the West. It is not merely that Spaniards think so. It is so. A purely Spanish-born Civil War became the prologue to the Second World War through the intervention of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy on one side and Communist Russia on the other, and through the non-intervention of the West -- not even when Franco was getting all his gasoline on credit from an American oil company. During the war thousands of Spaniards were imprisoned, beaten and tortured for opposing Franco and his pro-Axis policy. When the war was over, the United States selected as her ally the man who had congratulated Admiral Togo for his attack on Pearl Harbor, and Laurel for holding the Philippines for Japan. This was the first blow.

A second was soon to come. After the fall of the old regime around 1800, Spain had withdrawn into herself. Spanish isolationism persisted for a century and a half. Then came Franco, and Spain plunged into a military alliance with the United States and granted it military and naval bases. This formidable departure from traditional policy and no less formidable cession of sovereignty may or may not have been in the interests of Spain. The point is not whether these two grave decisions were wise; the point is that they were taken not by the Spanish people but by an irresponsible dictator. Worse still, the US, for all its democratic principles, made no effort to determine whether these decisions were supported by the people. The fall of America's prestige in Spain was precipitous.

Through a foolish but effective sequence of emotional syllogisms, a growing sector of Spanish opinion reoriented itself toward Moscow. "I am Franco's enemy – the USA is Franco's friend – therefore I am the enemy of the USA – The Soviet Union is an enemy of the USA – Therefore I am the friend of the Soviet Union – The Soviet Union is Communist – I become a Communist." Thus run the feelings of a growing number of Spaniards. How many? Who knows?

Furthermore, all parties being forbidden, the only party that prospers is the one which is used to secrecy and need not worry over its finances; *i.e.*, the Communist Party. Add again that, with incredible folly (or shrewdness) the Franco regime dubs its every adversary "Communist." (Thus, after the Munich meeting it demeaned itself by asserting that the pro-European resolution adopted there was Communist-inspired and the whole affair a Communist plot, which, in view of Mr. Khrushchev's strictures against the Common Market, is both tragic and comic.)

It follows that the regime is the most redoubtable generator of Communism in the Peninsula. Between the upper stone of Francoism-Fascism and the nether stone of Communism, the regime is grinding to extinction the whole liberal democratic sector of Spanish opinion. Such is the background against which the events of the Munich gathering this June must be set.

The story is quite simple. For two or three years the Spanish Council for the European Movement, an organization centered in Paris, had been endeavoring to organize an Assembly of prominent Spaniards who would declare to the world that Spain wants to be incorporated into Europe in the real sense of the term, *i.e.*, by adopting European institutions. This plan was, of course, fiercely opposed by Franco, who found ready allies in at least one European government.

The European Movement was holding one of its regular assemblies in Munich on June 7 and 8. The subject it was meeting to discuss could not have been more apposite to our purpose: "The democratisation of European institutions." Remember too, that on February 9, the Spanish government had asked to be "associated" with the Common Market. Some of us were quite sure that this request, under the Franco regime, would never obtain unanimous acceptance of The Six, though we reckoned that Franco must have received assurances from one or two of the six governments. It was also known that the Dictator was not happy about the move toward Europe, forced upon him by the more intelligent members of his Cabinet.

With all this in mind, the Spanish Council called a round table of Spanish Europeanists to meet in Munich preceding the European Assembly, and to constitute the Spanish delegation at the Assembly. We were thinking in terms of 20 exiles and 20 delegates from Spain. To our great surprise the plan provoked such enthusiasm that in the end 38 exiles and 80 delegates from Spain congregated in Munich.

I shall not cover our deliberations in detail. The gathering meant nothing less than the end of the civil war.

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A unanimous resolution was adopted by a delegation representing the whole gamut of Spanish opinion from Catholic Monarchists to Republican Socialists, with the explicit exclusion of Communists and Francoists. Wisdom and moderation were typified by the last paragraph of the resolution, to the effect that the liberalization of the regime was to be brought about through evolution, and that "the Spanish delegates present hold the firm conviction that the immense majority of the Spanish people wish this evolution to take place under the rules of political prudence and as swiftly as circumstances permit, in all sincerity on the part of all concerned, and they pledge themselves to renounce every form of violence, active or passive, before, during or after this evolutionary process." In effect, notice was served to the free world that it is essential to save this central sector of Spanish opinion, for the sake both of Spain's freedom and the safety of the West.

The brutal reaction of Madrid is proof of the impact of the Munich resolution. The regime's hopes of being received into the Common Market vanished. The sheer outrageousness of its vindictive response (jailing or exiling many of the delegates) further alienated the public opinion of the world, even though remarkable silence was noticeable on the part of world statesmen and editors who might have been expected to denounce Franco's behavior. The blow struck the regime when it was just beginning to recover from an epidemic of strikes. (These, by the way, have been misrepresented abroad as a mere matter of salaries. They were a good deal more than that. Along with better pay the strikers sought to make the regime accept the fact of strikes, though strikes are illegal, and to raise an opposition movement to the government and test its strength. This twofold aim was achieved, and a third not contemplated, namely enlisting the sympathy of the Church.)

The Church and the Strikers

The most important new feature in the Spanish situation is perhaps that the Church has suddenly awakened to the danger it is facing from having backed the Dictator for 15 years. Now and then, of late, a prelate would express doubts as to the way things were going; a pastoral letter would speak out for freedom of opinion, human liberties, better salaries, better representation of workers in official trades unions. Such moves would be promptly countered by the Fascist Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Antoniutti, than whom there has been no more ardent, willing and spontaneous propagandist of the Dictator, with the single exception of the US Ambassador kept for years in Madrid by the Republican Administration. The April strikes gave the Church a chance to show its sympathy for the people, and the Church took it. Despite the Fascist Archbishop of Madrid, Monsignor Eijo y Garay, whose nefarious influence has done much to foster anti-clericalism in Spain, the enlightened spirit of the new Pope, as expressed in his Encyclical *Mater et Magistra*, and the admirable attitude of the young priests soon filled the country with stories of a new approach, from the highest to the humblest. Thus, it became known that the Pope had given the red hat to his librarian, the Spanish Benedictine Father Alvareda, in the teeth of Franco's opposition, owing to the liberalism of that distinguished prelate; and the Pope sent to Madrid a new, intelligent, humane and liberal Nuncio, Monsignor Antonio Riberi. Humble priests organized meals for children of the strikers and in one case, when ordered by the civil *guardia* to evacuate the premises they had procured, they moved to the parish church and carried on their charitable task there. Sermons became so belligerent on behalf of the strikers that the Dictator forbade the broadcasting of the Mass.

Let us keep in mind that this man Franco, "responsible only before God" (his own pronouncement), who inevitably and deservedly concentrates on his person the opposition of every Spaniard but a handful of retainers and profiteers, this man Franco is the ally of the United States and the friend of the British, French and German governments. Let us keep in mind that a number of his civil governors have been invited by the British Government to visit England; that a German cabinet minister went to Spain immediately after the gathering in Munich to which I referred to say at a Center founded by a Spanish Nazi that the Franco Government was a bulwark against Communism and so forth; and that the French Government proscribed newspapers published by the Spanish exiles in France, in exchange for a watch on the OAS leaders which the Spanish dictator was, of course, careful not to keep. And let us keep in mind that the US Government, which had sent Dulles and then Eisenhower to Spain in 1959, sent Dean Rusk to call on the dictator in 1962. And you ask: what can the West do?

Shouldn't one ask: what should it not do? Has the American public ever stopped to think of the insult to the Portuguese people implied in installing on Portuguese soil a Radio Free Europe broadcasting station? Or of the insult to the Spanish nation implied in assuming that the Spaniards will fight for the freedom of Europeans and Americans while they themselves are not free? What is wanted is not merely a change in doing but a change in being. It is what the Western world is rather than what it does which is wrong.

Important though Spain is, the world is more important. "Exactly," you exult; "that is why we must have the bases, you see. . . ." No. Sorry, that won't do. True, we must see the Spanish problem in its world setting; true, the paramount issue is that which pits

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"East" against "West." But precisely because this is so, the overruling criterion of policy should be the preservation of the moral authority of the West, and in particular, of the United States. Why? Because the issue is no longer one of territories and power. What we must do in the West if we are to survive is to conquer the hearts and the brains of the whole world. This presupposes a high level of moral authority on the part of the US, as high as at the time of the Marshall Plan. It is lamentably low today, and the reason is plain. No one any longer believes a word the West says.

The bases are an instrument for a hot war, itself a marginal hypothesis. The betrayal of the Spanish people with which the bases were bought is a breach in the moral wall of the Cold War, itself a reality. Very good, you retort, that is the past. The bases and the breach are there. What can we do now? My answer is: Be different. From empirical cynicism turn to a realistic estimate of moral and psychological forces. The middle-of-the-way sector of Spanish politics, vital if we are not to lose to the Communists the most strategic territory in Europe, is in danger of extinction. It is indispensable, bases or no bases, that the Spanish people be cured of their growing resentment and contempt for the United States; and therefore that they come to realize that the West is Franco's enemy.

At least, for the time being, stop parading as his friend. Stop the scandal of Western ambassadors, year after year, attending the military parade to "celebrate" the victory of Franco in the civil war (I understand that the American embassy was not represented at that infamous ceremony in 1961). Stop giving American decorations to Fascist Generals, arranging visits, recognizing the ridiculous Franco-nominated *procuradores* as genuine members of Parliament (which the Inter-Parliamentary Union did at Helsinki on the initiative of the two Anglo-Saxon delegations); raise your voice when an outrage is committed, such as the exile by Franco of those Spaniards who attended the Munich Congress; speak out against Spain joining the Common Market, or for that matter NATO, under this tyrannous regime; show friendship to the exiles, who are your friends, in preference to the government who, no matter what they say, are today as much your enemy as yesterday; above all, give the opposition a hearing.

The only radio stations that speak to the Spanish people against Franco and in favor of Spain's liberation are those of Belgrade, Prague and Moscow, not to mention pirate stations also carrying the Communist message. We, the Spanish "West," have no radio. The French radio enabled two of us to speak to Spain once a week for over four years. These two voices were silenced years before the coming of De Gaulle when France needed the vote and influence of Franco Spain at the UN. Since then Spain has heard no anti-Franco Spanish voices but those of the Communists. Not a single radio or TV system has let me or any of my colleagues speak about our Munich assembly.

Communism is far removed from the Spanish character, which would more naturally tend to anarchism; but, on a short-term basis, Communism can draw on formidable assets. Some have been mentioned. Resentment, for instance. Short lived as resentment no doubt would be, it would suffice to provide the Communist machine with the fuel it needs for a start. But once started and at the seat of power, Communism's hold could prove permanent. Its most formidable asset, however, may be the dictator's own stubborn personality. As the Munich resolution shows, the non-totalitarian opposition to Franco explicitly renounces violence, active or passive. What is passive violence? Sitting tight. Franco sits tight and by so doing might provoke a violent attempt to oust him. If such were to happen, there is no saying how things would end, save that the Communist Party is the only one which is organized and which by this time must have infiltrated into a number of key positions. Finally, if enough time is granted to the Franco regime for it to continue fostering Communism, enough time would *ipso facto* be granted to the Communist Party to enable it eventually to win a majority. This gain would not be a stable majority; but once would be enough for Communism to be screwed on to Spain for good.

Sitting Tight

The way out? For many of us and for long years the way out was through the restoration of the Monarchy, whether permanently or as a transition. I have myself advocated this solution. Perhaps it might still work. Perhaps not. The Pretender, Don Juan, made the capital mistake of talking to Franco (it would appear on advice from Senator Vandenberg, God have mercy on his soul). Furthermore, he has never been able to make up his mind, at any rate in public, whether he is for or against the regime; and he has, to say the least, failed to let his voice be heard in defense of his henchmen who have been exiled or jailed for wishing him back on the throne under a decent constitution.

There was a bad and a good reason why the restoration was thought to be a good way out. The bad reason (bad because false) was the belief that Franco would usher in the monarchy. It's been quite an act. As soon as there is a strike or a change in Franco's Cabinet, portraits of the Pretender, his son and now his Greek daughter-in-law blossom out in the US press. Franco has bamboozled everyone, possibly including the exiled royal family, into believing that it is his dearest wish to bring in the King. What King? Some sort of King. Franco never had any such intention.

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Anyway, a King chosen by him and brought in at his chosen time would not be even a cardboard King.

The good reason for thinking the monarchy is the way out is that if we are to forestall a violent change (which Franco's stubborn passive violence is sure to set off) the change must come about through the Army; and it is generally believed that the Army would insist on a monarchy. As against this view, three reservations may be entered: first, the Pretender's own shilly-shallying ways. It is the opinion of some monarchists – it was that of Quiñone de León – that had Don Juan landed in Spain in 1948 determined to claim the throne, he would have won the day. Public opinion was then ripe. Since then he has lost a good deal of following because he has accepted too many interviews with the man who rations even the calls his yacht is allowed to make in Spanish ports; and his attitude has even led some observers to suspect that he may be bound to the dictator by a secret covenant. A resounding, clear note of defiance to the regime would be an indispensable condition for the restoration to take root in Spain.

The second reservation is that it is by no means certain that the Army wants a monarchy. For instance, the new Deputy Prime Minister and Chief of the General Staff, General Munoz Grandes, is reputed to be a republican. The third reservation is the rapid evolution of public opinion toward the Left.

The present situation may be summed up as follows: Franco is the only barrier between Spain and Europe. Considering his record of utter selfishness and astute shiftiness, any announcement of his intention to liberalize Spain or to bring in the monarchy must be considered valueless until proved by actual deeds. The latest change in his Cabinet is but another of the transfigurations which the dictator has now and then undergone to survive all vicissitudes. When confronted by the commission sent to Spain by the Executive Committee of the European Movement to protest against the reprisals which victimized the "Munichers," Franco declared that he realized that joining "Europe" implied the adoption of European institutions; and when our resolution was read to him he assured our friends that he agreed with it. The next day, his government sent to jail the wives of a number of writers and painters for having refused to pay the exorbitant fine they had been arbitrarily assessed for having taken part in a silent demonstration in favor of the Asturian strikers.

The recent Cabinet shifts made by Franco have been inspired both by fear of the after-effects of the Munich Congress and by hopes that a European breeze may reinvigorate the decaying regime. The dictator has entrusted his service departments to military and naval men of whom he feels absolutely sure, while covering this operation with a screen of young, capable technicians such as Navarro Rubio and Ullastres (who remain as ministers of Finance and of Commerce), López Bravo, who takes over Industry, Rodó, in charge of Development, and Fraga Iribarne, a brilliant young man who replaces the deplorable Arias Salgado as Minister of Information (*i.e.*, censorship).

What will these young men do. Succeed? Resign themselves to stagnation? Or just resign? Some observers say: let Spain into the Common Market so that these young men can succeed. Experience shakes its weary head. Have we not heard that argument in favor of Spain's admission to the UN, UNESCO, and OEEC? The dictator would again cash in the prestige of being accepted as a genuine European.

Europe will not admit him; the Church has turned against him; business is concerned at the deadlock his absolute ways have created; the Army is an enigma; the people are passive but discontented and ready to follow any lead; certain more lively elements among the workers are in ferment, and their leaders as well as the academic youth feel more and more attracted by Moscow (or rather repelled by the West); the Great Powers, forgetting perhaps the lesson of the Cuban revolution, seem content to carry on their business *cum* military flirtations with the Spanish Batista until a Spanish Castro takes over.

If this disaster is to be avoided, means must be found for a rapid change in the *political* set up. No amount of "reforms" of a "social" or "economic" nature will do, if only because while Spain remains a dictatorship the man who brings in the reforms may put an end to them. It is indispensable: (1) to eliminate the irresponsible dictator and bring in a responsible system; (2) to effect the change smoothly, and without violence; (3) to carry out this plan *soon*.

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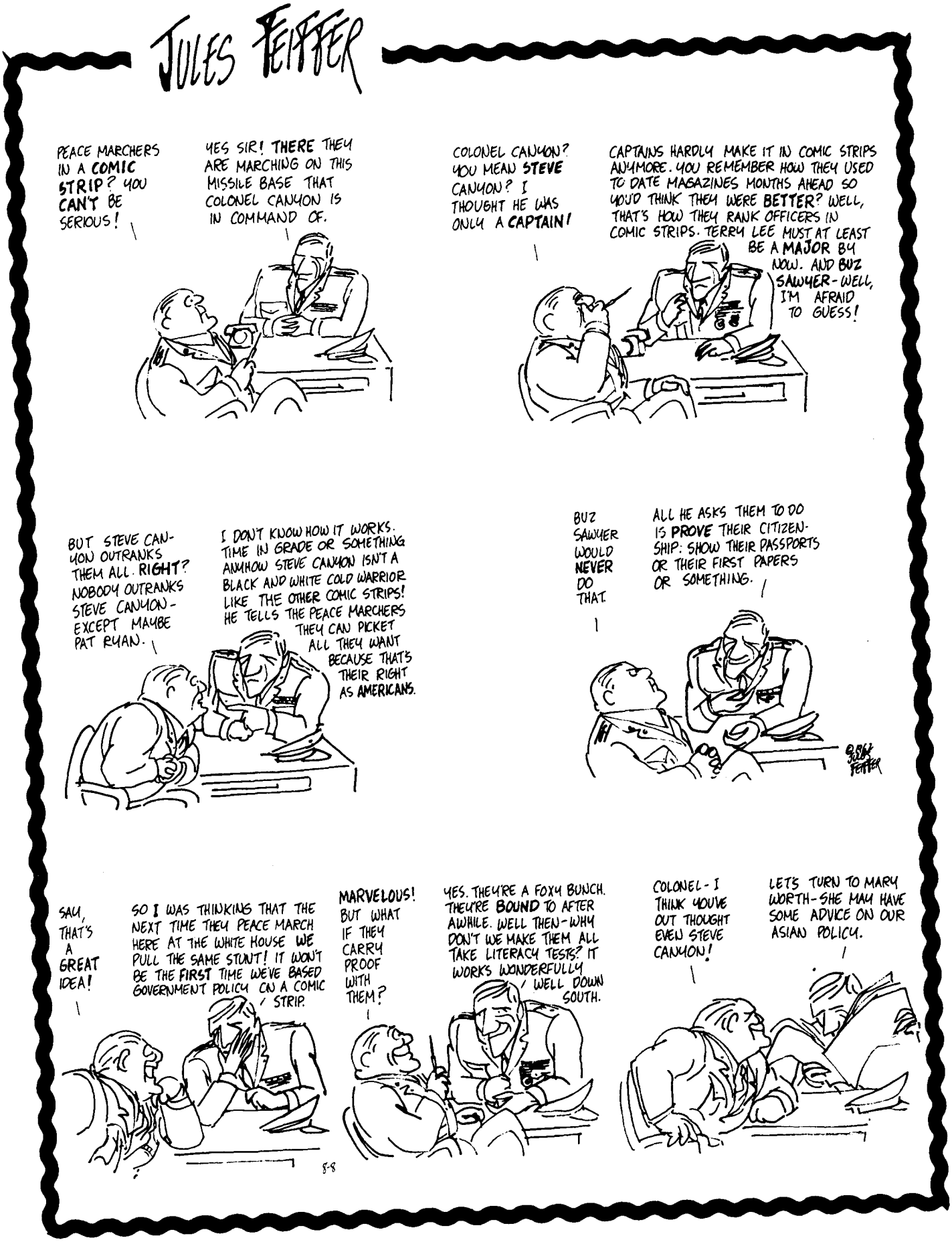
PEACE MARCHERS IN A COMIC STRIP? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
YES SIR! THERE THEY ARE MARCHING ON THIS MISSILE BASE THAT COLONEL CANYON IS IN COMMAND OF.
COLONEL CANYON? YOU MEAN STEVE CANYON? I THOUGHT HE WAS ONLY A CAPTAIN!
CAPTAINS HARDLY MAKE IT IN COMIC STRIPS ANYMORE. YOU REMEMBER HOW THEY USED TO DATE MAGAZINES MONTHS AHEAD SO YOU'D THINK THEY WERE BETTER? WELL, THAT'S HOW THEY RANK OFFICERS IN COMIC STRIPS. TERRY LEE MUST AT LEAST BE A MAJOR BY NOW. AND BUZ SAWYER - WELL, I'M AFRAID TO GUESS!
BUT STEVE CANYON OUTRANKS THEM ALL. RIGHT? NOBODY OUTRANKS STEVE CANYON - EXCEPT MAYBE PAT RYAN.
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT WORKS. TIME IN GRADE OR SOMETHING ANYHOW STEVE CANYON ISN'T A BLACK AND WHITE COLD WARRIOR LIKE THE OTHER COMIC STRIPS! HE TELLS THE PEACE MARCHERS THEY CAN PICKET ALL THEY WANT BECAUSE THAT'S THEIR RIGHT AS AMERICANS.
BUZ SAWYER WOULD NEVER DO THAT.
ALL HE ASKS THEM TO DO IS PROVE THEIR CITIZENSHIP: SHOW THEIR PASSPORTS OR THEIR FIRST PAPERS OR SOMETHING.
©1967 JULES FEIFFER
SAY, THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!
SO I WAS THINKING THAT THE NEXT TIME THEY PEACE MARCH HERE AT THE WHITE HOUSE WE PULL THE SAME STUNT! IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME WE'VE BASED GOVERNMENT POLICY ON A COMIC STRIP.
MARVELOUS! BUT WHAT IF THEY CARRY PROOF WITH THEM?
YES. THEY'RE A FOXY BUNCH. THEY'RE BOUND TO AFTER AWHILE. WELL THEN - WHY DON'T WE MAKE THEM ALL TAKE LITERACY TESTS? IT WORKS WONDERFULLY WELL DOWN SOUTH.
COLONEL - I THINK YOU'VE OUT THOUGHT EVEN STEVE CANYON!
LET'S TURN TO MARY WORTH - SHE MAY HAVE SOME ADVICE ON OUR ASIAN POLICY.
5-8

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Another Country for an Arkansas Traveler

by Edgar Z. Friedenberg

I have just finished James Baldwin's new novel *Another Country* (Dial; $4.95) under circumstances that may be just unusual enough to make my reaction to it worth noting. This is not a review of the book, though I will necessarily have to say some of the same things here that I would have in a review. I merely bought a pre-publication copy to take along on the plane for vacation reading, because I have always been able to trust Mr. Baldwin in the past, and I was not sure I would be able to pick up a copy as easily when I arrived in Little Rock.

When I told my Brooklyn College colleagues and students where I was going, they were amused, and wanted to know if anybody was sending me, or whether I had to pay my own way. The South, and Little Rock particularly, has become, for Brooklyn, an inexhaustible source of self-esteem. But I grew up in the South, so far as this is possible, and still have connections there; my trip was personal rather than political, and I am paying for it with what, under our system, is called my own money – some of it of Southern origin. At Little Rock I was to be met by my sister and friends and driven up to Buffalo River State Park for a week – mostly for pleasure; but partly to decide what to do about some undeveloped mountain land our family has owned there since World War I when it was erroneously believed to have some value as a zinc mine. As a pretext for occasional vacations in the Ozarks it has more; and we would like to build a cabin on it if we could afford it and make it accessible.

I am there now; I have been there before, and I hope to come again. The State Park affords a higher physical standard of living than even a new and comparatively spacious apartment in Brooklyn. It is quiet, the natives are friendly. Most of the people I know in New York are not natives. They never were; they were born *en route*. But they tend, for the most part, to be hostile. When I am among them, so am I.

Yet my position, even during a week's stay, is morally ambiguous enough. I need Mr. Baldwin badly; and I am aware that I am exploiting his bounty. Having his book along to read in Arkansas made me feel safer and less guilty rather than more; I used it, among other ways, as Holden Caulfield used Allie's baseball mitt, to make sure that I would not disappear myself. Yet I can, of course, neither deny the realities of contemporary Southern racial practices nor the Eichmannesque evasion of referring to them so lightly and abstractly, as though only symbols, like the Cross, had been burned here. I am determined to go on enjoying the best of both worlds as long as I can; for this reason, when I finished the book, I felt as if I had become one of the minor characters in it, though less real and utterly outclassed sexually.

Even this is no threat. One cannot get lost in Baldwin's work because it is completely contiguous with reality; an extension of it in depth rather than a substitute for it. There is no sense of transition, merely of immensely heightened awareness and vividness and moral understanding. An honest and compassionate Puritan, if there is such a thing, might get the same effect from mescaline.

There is, to be sure, no Southern angle on Baldwin's work. He is not from the South, and he is a professional novelist, not a professional Negro. His greatest strength is his power and determination to write, not as a Negro, but as a man who has the experience of being one. But this does not prevent his work from creating a moral problem for a Southern reader; especially a reader who would rather accept his background than either reject or defend it.

Segregation and racial oppression are not the crux of this moral problem, though they are certainly involved in it. *Another Country* is, in its implications, in some ways a profoundly conservative novel. In this respect, it resembles *The Last of the Just*, though I am less certain that the inferences one draws from that work are what Schwarz-Bart intends. With Baldwin I am sure; his level of technical competence is so high that a reader has roughly as much choice about how to respond as he would to a skillful executioner. He may, to be sure, misunderstand what is happening to him, but this will not affect the outcome.

What is conservative about both books is their emphasis on the need for roots, even though they be bitter roots, and poisonous. In *Another Country* this is quite explicit, as in this interchange between Cass Wilenski, the honorable and desperate wife of an ambitious, untalented, and recently successful novelist and the young Negro singer, Ida Scott, who strives as ruthlessly as the novelist to become effectively corrupt, and fails:

> "I'll never give up my children," she [Cass] said.
>
> "They *could* be taken from you."
>
> "Yes. It *could* happen, but it won't."
>
> She tipped the driver and they got out of the cab.
>
> "It happened," said Ida, mildly, "to my ancestors every day."
>
> "Maybe," said Cass, with a sudden flash of anger, and very close to tears, "it happened to all of us! Why was my husband ashamed to speak Polish all the years that he was growing up? – and look at him now, he doesn't *know* who he is. Maybe we're worse off than you."
>
> "Oh," said Ida, "you are. There's no maybe about that."

Mr. Baldwin has wisely retained the practice of earlier novelists of occasion-

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ally speaking in his own right, as well as through the dialogue of his characters. A little earlier he approaches the same issue obliquely in a sardonic comment on summer in New York:

"The heat and the noise began their destruction of nerves and sanity and private lives and love affairs. The air was full of baseball scores and bad news and treacly songs; and the streets and the bars were full of hostile people, made more hostile by the heat. It was not possible in this city as it had been for Eric in Paris, to take a long and peaceful walk at any hour of the day or night, dropping in for a drink at a bistro or flopping oneself down at a sidewalk café – the half-dozen grim parodies of sidewalk cafés to be found in New York were not made for flopping. It was a city without oases, run entirely, insofar, at least, as human perception could tell for money; and its citizens seemed to have lost entirely any sense of their right to renew themselves. Whoever, in New York, attempted to cling to this right, lived in New York in exile – in exile from the life around him; and this, paradoxically, had the effect of placing him in perpetual danger of being forever banished from any real sense of himself."

Throughout the novel this is the *leitmotif*, on which countless variations are sung. The characters, for example, drink incessantly without getting successfully drunk. But their larders are all empty, or the chaos in which they involve themselves prevents them from preparing or buying a solid meal; not until the highly unconventional, wholly consistent and deeply satisfying resolution does anybody get any real food. Then, indeed, Ida cooks for Vivaldo, her white lover a repast described down to the last toothsome gain of rice and pork chops; while Eric is, as he should be, on deck at Idlewild at seven in the morning to welcome the French boy who has been his lover. There is no happy ending, for Baldwin, like Oedipus, counts no man happy until he is dead. But it is an assertion that continuity is basic in human relationships.

Why has this become the source of fatal difficulty? Trust and continuity among human beings, good and bad, are what even the poorest community affords its members; that is what makes it a community. *Another Country* is not about a community; it is about a peer-group, all of whose members are trying to "make it." Their worst fear is that they may get "hung up" on one another. They have beds, though not for sleeping; but they have no homes. This, in contemporary fiction, is no novelty. What gives such stature to Baldwin's work and makes his characters tragic and comic is that – unlike, say, Kerouac's or Durrell's – they have choices. One cannot imagine *Justine*, under any circumstances, cooking.

Baldwin is the least sentimental of novelists; and his characters' struggle to "make it" is never just status-seeking; it is an effort to confront and dominate the crushing reality of poverty and anonymity in New York, and to acquire the minimum essentials of decency and identity. Sometimes what they become in the process destroys them; but – and here Mr. Baldwin *is* unusual among his contemporaries – very often it doesn't. The result is a magnificent moral cliffhanger. Will Vivaldo Moore (John Bunyan too, if he had spoken a little Italian and had a sense of humor, might have called him that) make it into humanity? He does, with Eric's help and Ida's ultimate consent, in the final episodes.

Vivaldo, alone, does not speak for the author; though I think that Vivaldo-and-Eric does; for Vivaldo is a novelist, while Eric has the strength to be what he is. Vivaldo, musing on his reaction to the TV magnate, Steve Ellis, by whom he is both impressed and tempted, realizes that

". . . the things which Ellis had . . . were things that he wanted very much. Ellis could get anything he wanted by simply lifting up a phone; headwaiters were delighted to see

Awaking

And now must I awake again,
As always, here by this tranquil sound,
Under the pleasant warming sun?
A Gulliver awaking bound
In all this trivia of ruin.

The jagged monster beams, the dross
Of wreckage, with me still, strange
On this foreign shore; all lost, but loss
Recaptured in a lapse and change,
And over all a sweetness growing like moss.

And if the ship be broke,
The cargo and the crew of friends,
Shall I rebuild, stuff down the smoke,
Cram flames into the shivered ends,
Till Babel's dreaming it awoke!

How temperate is rubble, how bland!
Trinkets that reflect forgotten symmetry.
What a curious thing's a hand!
How sweet to stretch and yawn, to see
Like little clocks turning, the grains of sand.

The horsemen hurl down their reins in wrath,
Or gallop on the hill, or gallop to the sun;
Dreaming back, I lie beyond death:
The past is an horizon,
The horizon a form of breath.

Irving Feldman

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him; his signature on a bill or check was simply not to be questioned. If he needed a suit, he bought it; he was certainly never behind in his rent; if he decided to fly to Istanbul tomorrow, he had only to call his travel agent."

It is one of Baldwin's great strengths that he does not disparage these material consequences of success; clear as he makes it that, if Ellis can get anything he wants by simply lifting up a phone there is something dead wrong with what Ellis wants.

The last four words in the book, its transcript, read: "Istanbul, Dec. 10, 1961." *Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage.*

Istanbul is a Southern city. Its past is more glorious than its present or, probably, its future; though less glorious than it recalls. Despite its early promise, it didn't make it; Ankara, that unlovely suburb of Washington, dominates the Sublime Porte from its strategic situation on the shores of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The roster of the Byzantine and Ottoman great provides a poor touchstone for contemporary statesmen; it includes some heroes and colorful princes of church and state, but few distinguished liberals. As well or better than the Ozarks, it symbolizes the issue Baldwin raises for the Southern reader.

Which is this: just how high do justice and equality rank among the social virtues when a choice among virtues must be made? The fact that injustice and discrimination in the South are racial is really, as Baldwin so beautifully shows, quite irrelevant to the moral questions involved, though it is likely to be a fatal mistake for the South; for if one is determined on cruelty and exploitation it is important not to be stupid. But race is quite as good a ground for discrimination as any other, as long as people are silly enough to believe in it; for whoever is consistently humiliated and denied the means of growth will surely become inferior. The poor, after all, are properly so-called.

But if the South has developed stupid and indefensable bases for maintaining a comparatively closed society – compared to New York, at least – this does not finally dismiss the claim that a

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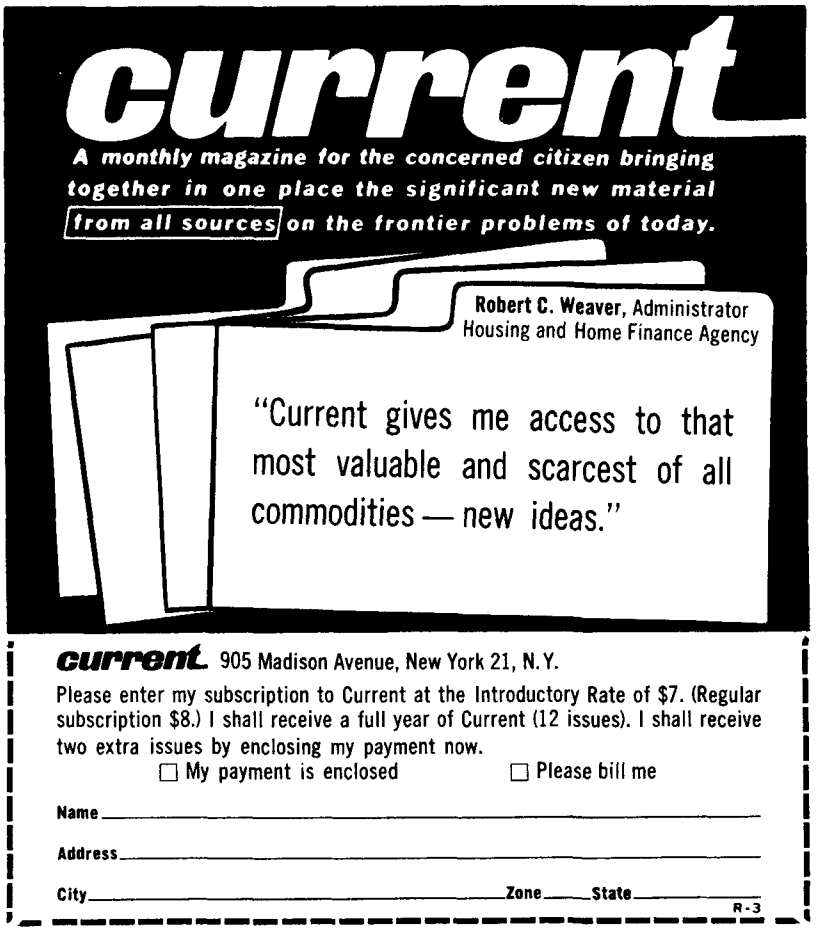
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somewhat closed society has the qualities of its defects. There *is* only one qualification for entering a rat-race; but that one ought to give a human being pause. It gives Mr. Baldwin's characters pause, but the subtle irony of his work derives from the fact that it does so for exactly the wrong reason; they are afraid of being declared human and disqualified. Only a few of the Negro characters, the New England aristocrat Cass, and the homosexual Eric, whom destiny has *compelled* to recognize that anything a rat can do a man, if he must, can do better and still remain a man, refuse to be trapped into self-denial; to the limits of their strength, and sometimes brutally, they pull the others out of the trap. "All to the good," one hears the great Missouri poet, Mr. Thomas S. Eliot, whispering behind them, through the lips of Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, "You will find that you survive humiliation; and that is an experience of incalculable value." For some it does, indeed, turn out so; though the inoculation is more painful than the disease.

There is one kind of discrimination of which America is entirely free. We have no discrimination at all about the races we enter. "Arms and the man!" we sing, in our tuneless, nasal voices, and we do not mean what Virgil meant. The South never developed a classical culture, either, though it intended to; the given name of the Park Superintendent here is Delos – Mr. Delos Dodd – though he did not know its derivation. But for the time, there is still a little more horse-racing and a little less people-racing here – the prizes are smaller, for one thing, and there are fewer different kinds of events, so the ones who really want to make it leave – and it still feels more comfortable. Against a Southern backdrop, Billy Sol Estes is a native grotesque; Bernard Goldfine in Boston was not quite that, just tragicomic and doomed.

This cannot last. Not because of the NAACP, or even the ICBM, but because the South has no regional basis for autonomy in either its economy or its status system. But it has gone on long enough to suggest that there may be a better place to raise people than on a proving ground. People who have been raised on a proving ground are always trying to prove something, which makes them somewhat too adaptable. Baldwin hints that Eric's trustworthiness is related to his experience as a Southern white – for that is what he makes him – in a description of Vivaldo watching Eric perform a bit-part in a motion picture that opens the way to success for him:

> "Someone jostled the table and Eric's position shifted slightly. He seemed to be made of rubber, and seemed, indeed, to be fleeing from the controversy which raged around him – in which, nevertheless, he was fatally involved. Vivaldo had been with Eric when he was drunk and knew that this was not at all the way Eric behaved – on the contrary, it was the Southern rebel and a certain steel-rod quality which came out in Eric then; and Vivaldo, at the same time that he realized that Eric was doing a great deal by doing very little, also, for the first time, caught a glimpse of who Eric really was."

Mr. Baldwin, elsewhere, speaks scathingly of the kind of white liberal who tries to become an honorary Negro; and it is therefore unjust to claim him as an honorary Southern novelist. But a rather large serving of injustice does not seem to have been more than he could handle in the past; and perhaps he may be interested to encounter it in so odd a form. We all have our rights, and among them that of claiming our heritage if, and wherever, we can find it. So, I do claim Baldwin, not for our side, but as our distinguished representative. "If not in Arkansas, then where?" Martin Buber might well ask if he were here. Thank God, he isn't. I did come for a vacation, and life is complicated enough with just Baldwin and myself.

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Edgar Z. Friedenberg *is an Associate Professor of Education at Brooklyn College.* Irving Feldman *teaches English at Kenyon College.*

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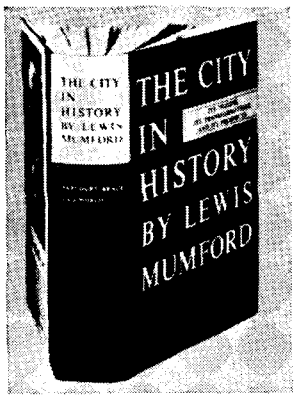

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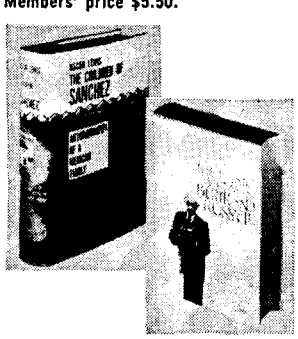

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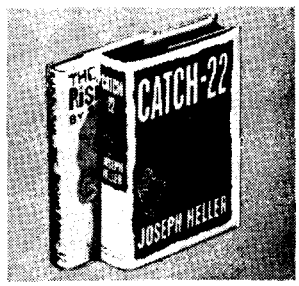

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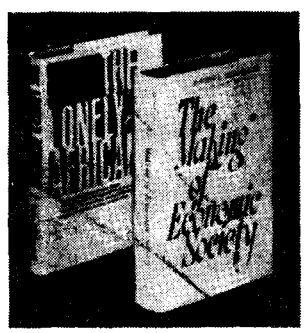

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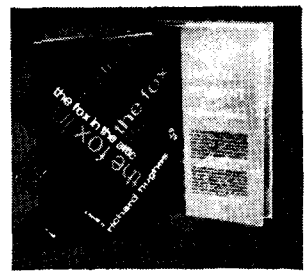

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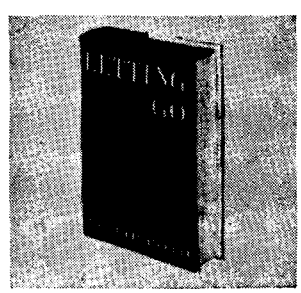

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Matters of Style

The oddities and perversities that have appeared in Glenn Gould's performances as far back as the recorded Beethoven Sonata Op. 109 appear again in the Mozart Concerto K.491 on Columbia ML-5739 and MS-6339; and probably they will continue to appear in the performances in what one hopes will be many years to come. This is indicated by statements in his accompanying notes which make it clear that the oddities and perversities represent carefully thought-out purpose. One is free to decide that the thought is mistaken, and that its result in the performance is a defect; but one must consider these things in their contexts: one must not fail to see that the mistaken ideas are those of someone with possibly the most remarkable and exciting musical intelligence operating in musical performance today, and the defects occur in the course of playing that attains overwhelming greatness. One may, that is, dissent with respect; but one may not jeer and sneer as Harold C. Schonberg did in *The New York Times* review (of Gould's strange performance of the Brahms D-minor Concerto) in which he carried his ostentatious offensiveness to the absurd and outrageous point of wondering whether Gould had played in his slow tempos because he had lacked the technique required for fast ones.

The performance of Mozart's K.491 is, then, flawed by two familiar practices of Gould's for which his reasons, as I apprehend them from his notes, seem to me wrong. The "chromatic fugal manner" employing both hands, in which Mozart writes the variation for piano alone in the finale, Gould considers a proper way of employing the pianist and his instrument; whereas the left-hand accompaniments of right-hand melody in Mozart's more usual homophonic writing sound to Gould like "unrealized continuos." This leads him to play the homophonic writing sometimes as though it were contrapuntal, and to produce the left hand's thumping out of unimportant Alberti basses, its expressive treatment as melody of unmelodic accompaniment material which may even be made to predominate over the actual melodic line of the right hand. And the desire to activate the left hand may also be responsible for the arpeggiation of what Mozart writes and intends as solid chords, the insertion of such arpeggiated chords where he writes single notes. This all seems to me wrong: Mozart's homophonic writing is not unrealized contrapuntal writing; and the practices with which Gould attempts to make it contrapuntal flaw his performance. But the occasional flaws occur in the course of a playing of the music with a powerful sculpturing of phrase, an energy imparted to every note in fast runs and figurations, a sustained tension and momentum, such as I have not heard it played with ever before. And this performance of the solo part is heard in an orchestral context in remarkably similar style provided by the excellent CBC Symphony under Susskind. Regrettably the reverse sides that might have given us Gould's playing in another Mozart concerto give us instead his performance of Schoenberg's Concerto with the same orchestra under Robert Craft.

Gould, it turns out, is also an accomplished organist; and Columbia ML-5738 and MS-6338 offer his performance of the first nine fugues of Bach's *Art of Fugue* on the fine-sounding and clearly reproduced organ of All-Saints' Anglican Church, Toronto. This has its oddity: the carefully detached opening notes of the theme that Walcha, on Decca ARC-3082, joins together, as they are written. But more important is the buoyancy, not to say gaiety, that the wonderful music has in Gould's faster tempos and with his more brilliant registrations, as against the gravity it has in Walcha's performance.

Mozart's four horn concertos, though minor works, have engaging melodic writing; and the first movements of K.447, the most impressive of the four, and the smaller-scale K.417 have extraordinary moments in their developments. Alan Civil plays them with excellent tone and style with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Klemperer, on Angel 35689 and S-35689; but I recall even more beautiful and extraordinarily supple tone in more subtly detailed sustained phrasing from Dennis Brain, and more sensitive playing by the Philharmonia under Herbert von Karajan, in the performances on Angel 35092.

Furtwaengler's performance of Mozart's Symphony K.543 with the Berlin Philharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon 18-724 (mono; recorded from a 1947 broadcast) has its occasional Furtwaengler thumbprint: the slowing down of the last measures of the introduction; the occasional anticipatory retardation; but for the most part it is straightforward and good, and is surprisingly well reproduced. The reverse side has the previously issued 1952 performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 88, which also is straightforward and has beautiful playing by the orchestra,

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but is unsatisfyingly bland to someone who remembers the energy and enlivening infection of one of Toscanini's performances.

Klemperer's tempos for Schubert's Symphony No. 9 – in the performance with the Philharmonia on Angel 35946 and S-35946 – are slow, but for once not so slow as to keep the performance from being an effective one. The monophonic sound is very good; the stereophonic is unpleasantly harsh, but improved by a 9-kc cut-off.

Columbia, which has earned our gratitude with its recordings of Stravinsky's own performances of his works – valuable not only as documentation of his conceptions but as the most effective realizations of them we have heard – gives us on ML-5728 and MS-6328 his beautifully shaped and articulated performance of *The Firebird* with an excellent recording orchestra. It acquires additional value from the fact that Stravinsky performs not his recent revised version – shortened, and for reduced orchestra – which Balanchine uses in his ballet, but the original 1910 version, employing an enormous orchestra, for the Fokine ballet. We are, then, able to hear with what, restraining fastidiousness and precision he used that orchestra in the freshly imaginative writing to achieve coloring that is often as delicate and subtle as Debussy's.

How much more effective Stravinsky's own performances of his works are than others is demonstrated by a playing first of the performance of *Danses Concertantes* (1942) by Colin Davis with the English Chamber Orchestra on London OL-50219 (I haven't heard the stereo record) and then of Stravinsky's old Victor performance. As against the animation, lightness and grace of the Stravinsky, the Davis is ponderous and overemphatic; and this fault is heard also in the Davis performances of two other engaging neoclassical pieces – the *Dumbarton Oaks* Concerto (1938) and the Concerto in D for string orchestra (1946).

Columbia ML-5733 and MS-6333 have excellent performances by Gold and Fizdale of Stravinsky's early and parodistic Eight Easy Pieces for Piano Four Hands and the engaging Concerto (1935) and Sonata (1944) for Two Pianos. The stereo version has occasional distortion of the sound.

After all these it is depressing to hear what Stravinsky contrived for the recently televised dance drama *Noah and the Flood*. Columbia ML-5757 and MS-6357 have his performance with a studio orchestra, chorus and soloists; and on the reverse sides his performance of the Mass, a work which I haven't found attractive but which sounds like a masterpiece after *The Flood*. In the stereo version there is high-frequency distortion at the end of the *Hosanna of the Mass*.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

How Sick Is the Literary Situation?

Sirs:

I do not for a minute believe in John Updike's "very sick literary situation" ("No Use Talking," August 13) and I do not see how he can live down in Ipswich and believe in it. Are "popular expectations of what literature should provide" afflicting him down there? For years Ipswich has run an arts festival all summer on the old Crane estate – all very elegant and luxurious – but never that I can remember has any poet or other literary man been asked to perform. Are "slovenliness" and "ineptitude" really esteemed and cherished as much as all that? Isn't it more likely that a few slovenly writers like Kerouac have a journalistic interest that some armchair craftsmen often lack? I read *On the Road* merely as a travel journal and hitch-hiking epic; my mind automatically shed the Humanities II sententiousness that Kerouac had stuffed into it. But who *esteems* the slovenliness? What circles

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does Updike frequent? Are Bellow or Roth or Malamud slovenly?

No, I think the publication of Agee's letters is mainly an act of piety, by a publisher with a long memory, towards a writer who, *mutatis mutandis*, was the Stanley Kauffmann of his age. I used to read his film reviews on my carrier in the Pacific and they gave me a sense of a new way of thinking about movies to put in practice when I got back. He lived in the Model-T age of American film criticism, and took the same impressionistic attitude towards films that Rosenfeld took a generation earlier towards art. *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* was a document of highbrow populism that saved a whole generation of bright, leftist Harvards and Yales the bother of going down South and agonizing, sometimes eloquently, over the sharecroppers. *A Death in the Family* seemed to me a terribly overstrained and uncomfortable book, but it had a purity of intention that lingered in one's mind when everything else about it was forgotten.

I also deny that the movies are "the cooperative art par excellence." Is not the stamp of Antonioni, De Sica, Truffaut, Welles, Clair, etc. as individual as that of any other artist? I would like to agree with the letter writer in your columns objecting to Heller's review of Kazin who notes that when fictionists nowadays take up criticism it is usually to vent a good deal of private spleen. Trained to be fair to life itself rather than to other people's writing, they are often brilliant but peculiarly unreliable. See D. H. Lawrence's criticism, wonderful stuff, indeed, and the more accurate the farther back he went into the past, but just not a guide to his own time.

R. W. Flint
Cambridge, Mass.

"WATCH FOR a quiet announcement in the next few months that the Hungarian question is being dropped from the UN agenda. That is the price the Soviet Union is asking in return for supporting U Thant's election to a regular term as UN Secretary General. According to British sources, secret negotiations in Hungary between the U.S. and the USSR are believed to be near agreement on the deal."

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Haggin as Prophet

Sirs:

I have no knowledge of drama and will not presume to comment on Alan Shavzin's criticism of Robert Brustein (*NR*, July 16, 1962). But I find it hard to believe that anyone who had read B. H. Haggin's column and who had really listened to the music that was discussed could regard the writing as either "perverse" or "boring." I suggest that Mr. Shavzin read more carefully Haggin's fascinating (and illuminating) account of Landon's preparation of the original manuscripts of Haydn's Symphonies (*NR*, July 16).

I remind Mr. Shavzin that Haggin was writing years ago of the wonders to be heard in Berlioz, Mahler, Verdi and Haydn, and of the (then) inflated estimation of Sibelius and Wagner held by the critics, insights which are now rather more generally accepted. Haggin writes some of the most prophetic musical criticism to be found in the country today.

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Eichmann's Piety

Sirs:

No editorial comment has appeared so far as I have been able to find on the last words of Adolph Eichmann "I lived believing in God; I die believing in God." Plainly the ethical quality and direction of such belief are at least as important as professing the credo. But a brief letter of mine on this head was not accepted by *The New York Times* or *The Herald Tribune* though both papers gave space to sermons on the execution. Surely the point raised here is as worth considering as other aspects of our religious life? For one example, our Federal law now requires a conscientious objector to war to believe in a Supreme Being. Thus a potential Eichmann would qualify while a courageous, kindly, honest unbeliever would not – a Mark Twain, for instance. Is it not time to think ethical behaviors entitled to as much consideration as avowals of belief or of disbelief in supernatural guidance?

Henry Neumann
The Society for Ethical Culture
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